The Outlook

MAY 31, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: AT VERDUN

The beginning of the fourth month of the German attack on the position around Verdun saw the assault renewed with terrific violence in the week here reported—namely, May 17 to 24. The conflict was still raging at the end of the week. Not only did the main French defense remain unbroken, but friends of the Allies have again been gratified at the frequent reports of advances and counter-attacks made by the French. The most notable and sensational of these counter-attacks was that of May 21 against Fort Douaumont. With notable quickness of thought and boldness in action, the French commanders took advantage of the culmination of German effort in the other main field of attack—roughly speaking, Fort Douaumont is in the northeastern corner of the French defense, and the position in which Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304 are so prominent is at the northwestern corner of that defense. The French infantry accordingly was hurled, after a terrific bombardment, on Fort Douaumont, the capture of which was Germany's first great achievement at the beginning of the three months of struggle. French official reports asserted that after a furious assault the German resistance was broken down; that a large part of Fort Douaumont was taken by the French; and that the Germans retained only a small section in the northern part. But on May 25 Paris despatches admitted that the Germans had retaken Fort Douaumont, now a mass of ruins, but claimed that the French still held the adjacent ground. It is clear that the fighting was violent in all this quarter, that both sides suffered severely, and that, despite the final repulse of the French, the moral effect of this forward movement has been encouraging to the Allies.

Turning to the other main line of attack against Verdun, it must be borne in mind, to understand the situation, that Dead Man's Hill and Hill 304 face one another, and command by their fire the valley and road through which the German advance from the northeast is directed, simultaneously with a German advance on the other side—that is, to the west—of Hill 304; and, furthermore, that Dead Man's Hill is only the northernmost of an elevated range of four hills, extending southward, all of which are tremendously fortified and all of which command by their fire any possible German advance either to the west or to the east of these hills. A study of a topographical map of the Verdun region shows immense difficulties in the way of these two lines of advance and indicates graphically to the eye that probably both lines of advance must be pushed through to a conclusion before the main position at Verdun can be taken. The fighting of the week under consideration was unparalleled in violence even by that of the first week or two of the attack on Verdun, but the one important gain of the Germans was the capture of the village of Cumières, east of Dead Man's Hill. All these hills seem almost to have been thrown down by chance about Verdun, and in their sweep of fire over the plains and the possible approaches make the breaking of the real Verdun line a task of almost incredible difficulty.

Over and over again the Germans in their attacks of last week at Verdun used their famous massed formation, which meant a vast and certain sacrifice of life, attempted to terrify the defenders by flaming liquids, and fought so desperately and audaciously that one might well surmise that the attack was a final effort and that its failure would be accepted as recognition of the fact that the Verdun situation is impregnable. German reports, however, declare that the German generals have never expected to carry the position by any single attack, that their plan is to gain ground inch by inch, and that they will be well satisfied if they finish the destruction of the Verdun defenses by the first of August.

THE NEW AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE

It is a recognized principle of military strategy that the best defensive is often an offensive. In the fighting which has lately

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been going on between Austria and Italy in the Trentino district this principle has been notably illustrated. The Italians, as announced in despatches from Rome quoted last week, had gathered a heavy force south of the city of Rovereto, which is just over the Italian line in Austria, and were evidently meditating a serious attack. Before this got under way, however, the Austrians themselves, it now appears, had gathered an extremely large force—one statement, attributed by a London despatch to the Italian General Staff, puts it at the improbable figure of six hundred thousand soldiers. The Trentino, it will be remembered, is the almost triangular section of Austria which extends like a wedge in northern Italy. It is one of the two main fields of campaign in which Italy is engaged, the other being to the north of Trieste. The Trentino is, roughly, about seventy miles in length from its tip to its northern limit, and something more than the same distance in its greatest width from east to west. Rivers and valleys play an important part in the strategy of this campaign, and the beautiful Lake Garda penetrates the southern tip of the triangle. The Adige and the Brenta Rivers and the Sugana Valley, through which the latter river flows, have been prominent in the struggle, and the town of Rovereto has been the Italian object of attack.

As usual, the reports from the two combatant armies differ widely in their estimate of the importance and nature of the results so far obtained. There is no question, however, that the Italians were obliged to fall back and take new positions south of their old ones, although it is claimed from Rome that the retreat was "orderly and spontaneous." The Austrians claim to have captured many large and heavy guns, to have suffered small loss, to have taken prisoner sixty-five officers and over twenty-five hundred soldiers in one day's fighting, and even to have made such gains as ultimately to threaten the great Italian city of Vicenza—probably an exaggerated view.

This Austrian offensive, made, as the despatches point out, over ground of varying altitude and mountains still partly covered with snow, is undoubtedly one of the most extensive and important movements in the war between Austria and Italy. It puts Italy on the defensive in a region where (all things considered, and especially the fact that Austria has other important fronts to cover) Italy might well be expected to be on the offensive. It is quite possible, however, to exaggerate the importance of Austria's offensive, and it is certain that Italy will strain every nerve to protect the rich and prosperous section now apparently threatened and to renew its attack on its much-coveted prize, the Trentino, into which it had previously made an appreciable advance.

BABIES AND THE BLOCKADE

For some time Dr. E. von Mach has been appealing to American sympathy on behalf of German babies. According to him, England's policy of establishing a blockade about the Teutonic Empires has resulted in depriving German babies and German nursing mothers of milk. He has urged Americans to subscribe to a fund for sending milk over to Germany by parcel post, and has attempted to arouse public opinion in support of a demand upon the American Government to insist that Great Britain let this milk through the blockade. The whole campaign has been based on the theory that England's siege of Germany is starving the German population.

Dr. von Mach is a strong pro-German. Now comes a report from another sympathizer with Germany, Mr. S. S. McClure. He reports in the New York "Evening Mail" that England is not succeeding in her alleged effort to starve Germany; that the mighty Teutonic Empire is self-sustaining; that the German babies never thrived so well as they are thriving to-day; that the infant death rate, so far from increasing as a result of the British blockade, is actually less in Germany than ever before.

This testimony from one pro-German has proved disconcerting to the other. Dr. von Mach has therefore written to the "Evening Mail," giving authority for his view that German babies are starving. And in the same issue Mr. McClure replies, giving authority for his statements that German babies are better off than ever.

Of course both of these cannot be right. It cannot be true that at the same time the German population is suffering untold misery from a cruel, brutal, savage blockade, and that the German population is thriving as never before through the wonderful efficiency of a mighty German Government.

In its attempt to appeal to the neutrals for support the German Government itself, however, has used both of these contradictory

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arguments. It has appealed to neutrals for support by trying to enlist their sympathy for a besieged people suffering from starvation, and at the same time it has appealed to neutrals for support on the ground that the German Government is so efficient and strong, and therefore right, that it has been able, not only to fight a mighty war, but to provide for its people through successful organization ample food as well as other supplies. Thus, on April 5, in a speech before the Reichstag, which was intended undoubtedly as much for neutrals as it was for the German people, Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg said: "Our enemies forget that, thanks to the organizing powers of our entire population, Germany is equal to the difficult task of the distribution of food supplies; they forget that the German nation is in possession of moral reserves great enough to reduce the standard of living, which has risen considerably in past years. . . . We shall not run short of anything in the future, just as we have not in the past." And yet in the same speech he appeals for Germany by denouncing Great Britain's policy of starvation.

Nothing could serve a better illustration of the difficulty of ascertaining the facts concerning conditions in Germany. When the German authorities want to persuade neutrals that Germany is mighty, and indeed unconquerable, they present a picture of internal prosperity. When they want to persuade neutrals that Great Britain is ruthless and barbarous, they present a picture of a famishing population. The truth is probably halfway between the two extremes. The rate of infant mortality in Germany, which is higher than that of most civilized countries—higher in Germany than in England, higher in Berlin than in New York—has during the war been decreased so that a baby has more chance of life in Germany now than it had before the war began. Mr. McClure prints statistics which support his statement as to the lower death rate in Berlin. He cites testimony as to the better health of the school-children and the satisfactory condition in regard to babies and mothers. He goes even further, and says that the improved health of the German people—babies, adults, soldiers in the trenches—is a matter of universal comment. On the other hand, there is little doubt that the German population is feeling the inconvenience and discomfort that comes from the deprivations consequent to war. Nowhere in Germany is there probably any such suffering as there was in Paris when the Germans were besieging that city in the war of 1870; but the German people are a besieged people, and are suffering the consequence of the siege.

Americans must not confuse the natural human sympathy which they feel for any people in distress with judgment concerning the right and the wrong of a great conflict like that of the European war.

MEXICO AND THE MILITIA

Our "second punitive expedition," that commanded by Colonel Frederick W. Sibley and composed of detachments of the Eighth and Fourteenth Cavalry Regiments, has withdrawn from Mexico. But it has been a success. It has really punished. And it has also rescued.

Following the rounding up of fourteen Mexican raiders by Major George T. Langhorne, which we reported last week, Major Langhorne, who led Troops A and B of the Eighth Cavalry—forming the advance guard of the Sibley party—rescued Jesse Deemer and Monroe Paine, two Americans who had been kidnapped by the Mexican band that raided Glen Springs. The captives were taken from their bandit guards at the little settlement of Santa Fé del Piño, ninety miles south of the Rio Grande. Although the bandits had had almost a week's start of Langhorne's men, the latter had been in the field only two and a half days when they overtook the marauders. This ride was one of the most valorous and spectacular performances ever accomplished by American soldiers. It compares favorably with any of the shining deeds that make the written record of the exploits of American cavalry in Indian warfare one of the brightest chapters in the military history of our country.

It is reported that during those two days and a half Langhorne's men hardly slept except for brief naps in the saddle, that they ate mainly as they rode, and that for forage their horses had to depend largely on the dry bunch-grass of the desert.

These troopers did not permit themselves much rest after the rescue of the two Americans, however. They pressed on, and a day later, forty-five miles farther into Mexico, ten troopers under Second Lieutenant S. W. Crámer, of Troop B, Eighth Cavalry, overtook a band of the fleeing desperadoes. A fight ensued. Five Mexicans were left in

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the mesquite bushes for the services of those efficient undertakers of that country—the vultures. Two Mexicans were captured. No American was hurt.

About the time the Sibley expedition was withdrawn from Mexico—partly because it had accomplished much of the purpose for which it had been sent in, and partly because the expedition could not safely remain without large reinforcements—the Carranza Government's protests against the presence of this force of Americans became very vigorous. Almost synchronously with these protests a large movement of Carranza troops northward from central Mexico was reported. In the meanwhile the Pershing expedition is still marking time.

The Sibley-Langhorne expedition proved the value of well-trained men for international police work. The failure of the militia of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona to respond promptly to the call for service proves the futility of depending on the National Guard in a National emergency. And, moreover, it has been discovered that many companies in all three States are far below their strength on paper.

The Outlook has already urged the abolition of the militia in its present form, with double allegiance to State and Nation. The failure of the militiamen of Arizona and New Mexico in this crisis ought to be convincing proof of the desirability of substituting for the present militia of ambiguous responsibility a Federal militia based on universal military training, with allegiance only to the National Government and responsible to the National Government alone.

WIRE-TAPPING CASES IN NEW YORK

The allegation by Mayor Mitchel of a long-standing conspiracy on the part of certain officials of the Catholic Church and laymen to obstruct the administration of justice and discredit his administration is, as we go to press, the latest and most sensational development of the investigation into the practice of what is known as "wire-tapping" on the part of the New York City police. This investigation has been conducted by the Joint Legislative Committee to look into the administration of the Public Service Law—the Committee which is generally called the Thompson Committee, after its Chairman, Senator George F. Thompson. "Wire-tapping" is the practice of "listening in" or overhearing telephonic conversations by means of a tap applied to the wire under use without the knowledge of the parties to the conversation.

Two cases in particular have been cited by the opponents of the Mayor and the Commissioner as cases where the wires admittedly tapped by the police were leased by innocent and responsible persons. These cases are: first, that which involves Father Farrell, priest of a Brooklyn Roman Catholic church, and Dr. D. C. Potter and Dean Potter, his son, both, though former Protestants, associated with Father Farrell; and, second, the case of the law firm of Seymour & Seymour, whose wires were also tapped by order of the Police Commissioner.

In regard to the first case the salient points in Mayor Mitchel's testimony, as a witness before the Thompson Committee, are as follows: First, that there has been during his entire adminstration an organized conspiracy of Catholics to interfere with the supervision by the Charities Commissioner of the twenty-two thousand dependent children committed by the city to private charitable institutions, but supported to a considerable degree by city funds; second, that libelous pamphlets attacking the city administration and the Commissioner of Charities were circulated by the conspiracy of "co-religionists of my own"—Mayor Mitchel is a Catholic; third, that at a suggestion of the Mayor the Police Commissioner tapped the telephone wires of Father Farrell and of the two Messrs. Potter. This was done on the suspicion not only that Father Farrell, the professed author of the pamphlets, had committed criminal libel by virtue of the circulation of these documents, but that others who had conspired with him were also guilty of this crime.

The Mayor went on to say that by means of this wire-tapping the police got evidence that the four crimes of perjury, criminal libel, conspiracy to utter a criminal libel, and conspiracy to obstruct justice had been committed.

In regard to the case of police supervision of the wires of Seymour & Seymour, members of that firm have denied that they were engaged in any business of a criminal nature. They admitted that they were engaged in the consummation of a large transaction involving the purchase of munitions of war for the Allies. From this evidence the opponents of the city administration have based the hint that the Seymour wires were tapped by the police solely as an improper means of assist-

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ing a commercial competitor of the Seymour firm.

As to this charge The Outlook can say, on the best of authority, that the Police Department had what seemed to it to be abundant evidence to suspect that the supervision of the telephone wires of Seymour & Seymour would lead to the discovery of activities of a serious criminal nature. The firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., a competitor of Seymour & Seymour in munitions deals, complained to the police that valuable information was being stolen from them, apparently by a man in their employ. The preliminary investigation of the police established the fact that larceny had been committed and led them to believe that the stolen information was being sold to some one in the Seymour office. There was not the slightest evidence, however, that any member of the Seymour firm itself was involved.

On the same high authority, The Outlook is informed that the Federal Government had asked the New York Police Department to co-operate in the prevention of treachery and of violations of American neutrality. In fact, the Police Department has been of great service to the Federal Government in work of this nature; and just before the Seymour case was called to the attention of the police they had secured the conviction of a man named Schindel for stealing information from the National City Bank to be sold to Germany. The police believed that the Seymour case was of similar character to the National City Bank case.

POLICE ESPIONAGE IN A DEMOCRACY

In regard to the whole question of wire-tapping by the police, Commissioner Woods has made the following statement written for The Outlook:

We recognize fully that in all kinds of police work our duty is just as much to defend the honest man as to restrain the criminal. In detective methods, therefore, we must be just as careful to afford all possible protection against intrusion on the privacy of law-abiding citizens as we are to ferret out the criminal and bring him to justice.

Much detective work, at best, is disagreeable. It involves methods that no one likes to use. It involves eavesdropping, shadowing, looking through windows, listening to conversations. It would be wholly unjustifiable to do this sort of thing willfully where law-abiding citizens are concerned, but it would be equally a neglect of duty on the part of a police department if it failed to use these measures against thieves.

Listening to conversations can be done at short or at long range. At short range one can do it sometimes by hiding behind a screen, by listening at a door; doing it at long range one must resort to the dictagraph or to listening over telephone wires.

All these methods are essentially the same: necessary against thieves, unjustifiable against honest men. We try to take the most stringent precautions, not merely in listening on wires, but in all forms of detective work, to see to it that in taking strong action against crime and criminals the rights of others are protected. We believe we should be justly open to criticism if, on the one hand, we fail to take all proper precaution against the abuse of detective methods, and, on the other hand, if we fail to use all lawful methods to protect society against criminals.

Sometimes the best of us make mistakes. We may unjustly suspect a man of being a pickpocket and shadow him; we may unjustly suspect two perfectly honest citizens of plotting crime, and improperly listen to their private conversation; we may unwittingly, or by an error in judgment, listen to the conversation over telephone wires of honest, law-abiding persons—the record of such a conversation, however, would be immediately destroyed and forgotten. And it must be remembered that telephone conversations from their very nature cannot be private in the way that letters can be, since the employees of the telephone company cannot help hearing parts of conversations and may, if they are inclined, easily hear all. We may, and unfortunately do, at times arrest persons who are acquitted in court, but we have to keep on making arrests, simply using every possible precaution to see to it that injustice is not done.

Such mistakes are probably inevitable, since we are all human, but the effort has been and will continue to be strong and unremitting to reduce them to the lowest possible proportion, and I feel that we have been successful in doing this in the past.

The facts of this wire-tapping by the police are still under investigation by an official body. Charities Commissioner John A. Kingsbury and his legal adviser, Special Deputy Corporation Counsel William H. Hotchkiss, have just been indicted by the Kings County Grand Jury for tapping the wires of Father Farrell and the two Messrs. Potter for improper purposes, despite the assertion of Mayor Mitchel that the purpose was a legitimate one. The way in which the Mayor has stood by his subordinates against

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certain of his fellow Catholics has been a fine example of political and moral courage.

But, although all the facts in this controversy have not yet been determined, the principles may be laid down on which action should be taken when the facts are known.

A democracy ought to sail an even course between autocracy and anarchy. The less police espionage we have in a democracy, the better. To say the less crime we have in a democracy the better is an equally self-evident statement. Russia is a country that well illustrates the evils of too much police espionage, too much governmental interference in the affairs of individuals. Mexico is a country that represents the evils of too little police supervision, too little protection of its citizens by the Government. But it may be that police methods which would never be tolerated in a democracy when applied to innocent citizens are necessary and desirable in application to criminals or to those whom there is good reason to suspect of crime.

Between the course of Russia and the course of Mexico it ought to be possible for the United States to steer an intermediate course. Above all, we must remember one principle—that is, that if a representative of the people seems to be wielding a power arbitrarily or unjustly, the remedy is not to weaken that power with checks on the man holding it. The remedy is to put that power into the hands of a man responsible and capable of using it justly. In the present controversy it may be suggested that the question is not whether the police ought or ought not to have the privilege of tapping the telephone wires; the question is whether the police have used that power with good judgment.

THE BRANDEIS CASE

The Senate Judiciary Committee on Wednesday of last week reported, by a strict party vote of 10 to 8, a recommendation that the nomination of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court be confirmed.

Support for the nomination of Mr. Brandeis has come from widely various sources. Notable among the expressions of approval is a letter sent to Senator Culberson, Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, by Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard. This letter is particularly notable for two reasons: first, because it is in contrast with the protest against Mr. Brandeis's confirmation signed by the present President of Harvard, Mr. Lowell; and, second, because in certain particulars Mr. Brandeis's views, as, for instance, with regard to trades unions, are known to be at odds with some of Mr. Eliot's opinions. Mr. Eliot writes as follows:

"I have known Mr. Louis D. Brandeis for forty years, and believe that I understand his capacities and his character. He was a distinguished student in the Harvard Law School in 1875–8. He possessed by nature a keen intelligence, quick and generous sympathies, a remarkable capacity for labor, and a character in which gentleness, courage, and joy in combat were intimately blended. His professional career has exhibited all these qualities, and with them much practical altruism and public spirit. He has sometimes advocated measures or policies which did not commend themselves to me, but I have never questioned his honesty and sincerity or his desire for justice. He has become a learned jurist.

"Under present circumstances I believe that the rejection by the Senate of his nomination to the Supreme Court would be a grave misfortune for the whole legal profession, the Court, all American business, and the country."

Our readers will find on another page an article on Mr. Brandeis by Mr. William Hard.

LAKE MOHONK ARBITRATION CONFERENCE

The Lake Mohonk Conference is not a peace conference; it is a conference for international arbitration. The object is not primarily to secure peace, but to secure a better means of obtaining justice between nations than is furnished by war. The ultimate end is justice; peace is regarded as an important incident and a sure result from justice. This, repeatedly asserted by Albert K. Smiley, the founder of the Conference, was implied in the opening address of Mr. Daniel Smiley at the Conference held at Lake Mohonk, May 17, 18, and 19, and underlay all the discussions which occupied the attention of the Conference both morning and evening of the three days' session. It may be safely assumed that the entire membership believe that it is both desirable and practicable to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force; if there were any disbelievers, they were not in evidence. The

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the Milwaukee Sentinel

WAKE UP!

Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

MAYBE—NEXT WEEK!

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Cesare in the New York Sun

CONGRESSMAN: "IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?"

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

CRUSOE DISCOVERS FOOTPRINTS

THE DILATORINESS OF CONGRESS AS VIEWED BY THE CARTOONISTS

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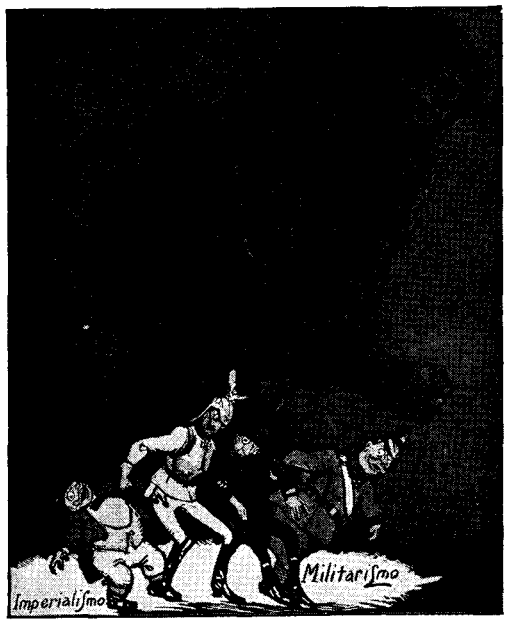
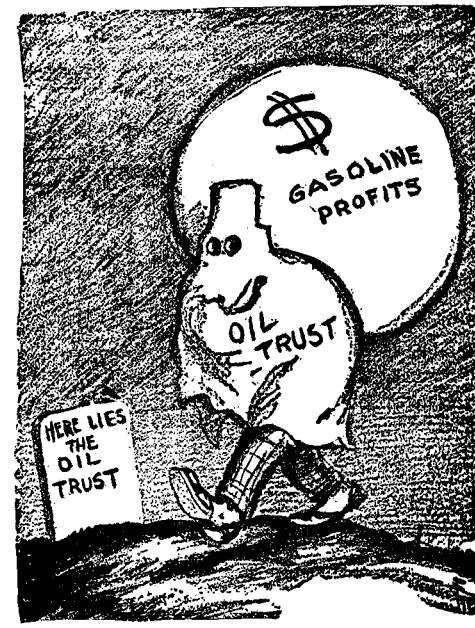
From L'Asino (Rome)



THE APPROACHING STORM IN GERMANY

THE GERMAN MASSES PREPARING TO CRUSH GERMAN DESPOTISM

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



A LIVE GHOST

THOUGH DISSOLVED, THE OIL TRUST IS MORE PROSPEROUS THAN EVER

Starrett in the New York Tribune

VERDUN

R. F. (REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE) ROLLS BACK THE GERMAN WAVES

Owen in the Sketch (London)

Dolly: "Oh, and do tell me how you like your tin helmets!"
Tommy: "Well, miss, to tell the truth, they're a bit thick."
Dolly: "Thick?"
Tommy: Yes; it takes so long to boil your tea in them."

THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S NEW HEADGEAR

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differences elicited, and they were clearly defined and ably presented in the debates, concerned not the end to be sought but the means to be furnished.

Mr. James Brown Scott, who presided on Wednesday morning, in a great and scholarly address showed that the postal international union furnished a precedent for a judicial international union; its agreement to leave to arbitration all questions concerning postal matters which might arise demonstrated that such an agreement was not inconsistent with the sovereignty of the States and was not so regarded. To this extent he sustained the International League to Enforce Peace. But he considered that it was better, at least for the present, to trust to public opinion rather than to military power both to secure the fulfillment of their agreement by the members of that League and to enforce the decrees of the international court whenever such decree was made. Ex-President Taft, who presided during the remaining sessions, presented the plan of the League, and stated with great clearness the objections which have been made to it and the answers to these objections. This address was a fine specimen of the modern unoratorical style of oratory. It might have been an argument addressed to a university class or even to the Supreme Court of the United States; it was accompanied with very little gesture; it was wholly free from passion, though at times expressive of great earnestness of conviction; but its clarity of statement and its occasional touches of good-natured humor held the absorbed attention of the audience for something over an hour.

While the educational processes are necessary to induce the nations to substitute judicial proceedings for the wager of battle as a means of settling controversies between nations, what shall peace-loving nations do to maintain international justice and peace? This question divided the membership into two groups—one for disarmament, the other for military preparedness. The argument for disarmament was ably presented by Professor William I. Hull, of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, who maintained that the present war in Europe had been brought on by the preceding competition in building up great armaments, and who cited the century of peace between Great Britain and the United States, the result of a treaty of disarmament between the United States and Canada made in 1817, as the best possible evidence that disarmament is the road to peace. The same view was presented on the following evening by Mr. W. J. Bryan, for whom, on his unexpected arrival, a place was made on the programme. His address, like that of Professor Hull's, assumed that armament leads to war and disarmament to peace. Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, in a carefully prepared paper, maintained that a deeper study of history made it clear that armaments were not a cause of war, but a consequence of the precedent war spirit, and that as long as nations obsessed by that spirit armed for purposes of aggression peaceful nations must arm for purposes of defense. In one paragraph of this remarkable paper—remarkable alike for its literary and its historical qualities—he showed that Great Britain's island character had never sufficed for her defense, that she had been invaded and subjugated repeatedly—as by the Romans, the Scandinavians, the Normans; that what had in later years saved her from invasion was a navy that made her mistress of the seas. The moral for the people of the United States it was easy to draw. No votes are taken in the Conference except on the platform at the close of the session, but so far as the heartiness and strength of the applause is any indication it seemed to be evident that the sentiment of the audience was at least four or five to one in favor of some form of military preparedness both to endow an international court with some form of power and to protect peaceful nations from aggression while waiting for the organization and established authority of such a court. We doubt whether any address was received with more enthusiastic applause than that of George Haven Putnam, who maintained that the United States ought to have protested against the invasion of Belgium and even now could and should unite with other neutral nations in opposing war upon non-combatants in violation both of humanity and of international law.

It is the constitution of the Lake Mohonk Conference, established by an unvaried tradition, to adopt nothing in its platform which cannot be adopted unanimously. The platform, therefore, while it strongly reiterates its previous declaration in favor of a permanent court of arbitration, is silent on the question whether there should be any organization of or agreement among the Powers to enforce its decisions or whether enforce-

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ment should be left wholly to international public opinion. It therefore expressed neither approval nor disapproval of the platform of the International League to Enforce Peace.

The Outlook's views on the question, What is the true path to peace? are expressed in an editorial on another page.

THE "SAFETY FIRST SPECIAL"

For the education of the people of the interior States who live near the center of the country's population, Secretary Franklin K. Lane, of the Department of the Interior, and other Government officials have launched the "Safety First Special." Secretary Lane engaged the co-operation of President Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the twelve cars of the special and the engine that draws them were provided by that railway. After an inspection by President Wilson and the Cabinet, the special began its tour recently. Pictures of the interior of two of these cars appear on another page.

On board the special train are representatives of the army and navy, the Departments of Agriculture, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Coast Defense, of the Weather Bureau, the Bureau of Mines, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the American Red Cross, and the medical and engineering staff of the Government. These men live in two of the cars of the train; the other ten steel coaches contain the exhibits of this traveling museum. The capacity of the train is about one thousand sightseers an hour, and at many of the stops which it has already made nearly that rate of attendance has been maintained.

Visitors to the train are shown how the Coast Guard Service enforces the fishing and navigation laws, patrols the ocean against icebergs and derelicts, and how last year property valued at $11,000,000 and 1,507 lives were saved by these intrepid policemen of the sea.

Visitors also learn how the rescuers from the Bureau of Mines succor the victims of mine accidents; how the Weather Bureau makes its predictions which result in the saving of millions of dollars' worth of property annually; how the Locomotive Inspection Service of the Government has reduced the number of accidents due to the failure of locomotive boilers by fifty per cent in three years; how the men of the Forest Service protect 156,000,000 acres of the National forests against fire and insect blight; and how the Department of Public Health protects the country against epidemics of typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and worse diseases.

But the exhibits are not confined entirely to the scope of the term "safety first," in the narrow sense in which it has come to be accepted. There is particular interest for the people of the country who visit this train now in learning how the army and the navy protect the country from foreign peril and how soldiers and sailors are themselves protected in war. The exhibits on the army and navy range all the way from the $12,000 Whitehead torpedo to a demonstration of the mask used to protect soldiers against poisonous gases and to moving pictures showing the men of the army and navy at work and at play.

Knowledge is the first protection against danger. On the thousands of people who will see it this museum on wheels, like the similar National Exposition of Safety and Sanitation in New York City lately, will have a vastly salutary effect by showing them how Americans ought to be prepared against war, disease, accident, and all other influences that endanger life and health.

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S SUCCESSOR

The installation of Major Robert R. Moton as principal of the Tuskegee Institute, for which a distinguished company gathered from all parts of the country assembled on Thursday of last week, naturally renews the moral and historical bond between Hampton Institute and Tuskegee, the first the forerunner and, in a sense, parent of the second, for it was Hampton that made Booker Washington what he was, and it is now Hampton again that supplies his fit successor. As The Outlook has already said, the new principal of Tuskegee is a full-blooded Negro; his ancestry goes back to an African slave brought to this country in 1735. It was a fortunate day for Hampton, and for Tuskegee also, when as a young man Major Moton came directly under the influence of General Armstrong, of Hampton, was taught by him, was urged by him to remain at Hampton as a teacher, and thus was put into the line of opportunity and development which now has made him the head of Tuskegee.

Major Moton fitly chose as the title of his inaugural address the words "Co-operation

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and Consecration." Largely the address is a tribute to the effectiveness with which Booker Washington worked for the elevation of his race in co-operation with the white people of the South, the white people of the North, and the race itself. It is significant that Dr. Washington's first welcome and appreciation at Tuskegee came from Mr. George W. Campbell, a former slave-owner. From the very beginning scores of other white people of Alabama saw the helpfulness of Dr. Washington's purpose and knew that he was trying to solve the problem described by Major Moton as being "whether there could be developed within the Negro race any forceful, unemotional, businesslike, harmonious working together." Booker Washington bent his effort to this end patiently and intelligently, and this made the Tuskegee of to-day a possibility. Major Moton pledges himself to carry on with all his power and ability this spirit of co-operation "between the colored workers in the school and white citizens outside of the school, and of consecration for the relief of mankind everywhere, whether in Macon County, the State of Alabama, or in the Nation."

The spirit of Dr. Moton's inaugural is hopeful, but he has too much of common sense to speak in superlatives or to fail to recognize difficulties. Thus he says that, while there is encouragement in the fact that seventy per cent of the Negro population can now read and write, "it is not safe to assume that seventy per cent of the Negroes are really educated." He recognizes specifically that "shiftlessness, disease, inefficiency, and crime are entirely too prevalent among our people." "Color and conduct," he declares, "still count in this question, but let us remember that conduct counts more than color."

Major Moton refers with feeling to Dr. Washington's last words on the platform at Tuskegee, when he urged the value and importance of "team work" in every phase of the endeavor of the institution, and he closes by describing the spirit of Booker Washington and the spirit of Tuskegee as the spirit of self-forgetfulness, of service and sacrifice, of co-operation and consecration.

THE FORESTS OF ENGLAND

The English are using immense quantities of timber for their army trenches, and still larger quantities for the buildings for army shelter, while other important quantities go for economic purposes of manufacture. They are now being forced to sacrifice their grand old trees, many of them in historic parts of England. Mr. Walter Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, lately announced in the House of Commons that some fifteen hundred Canadian lumbermen had arrived in England to cut timber. The importation of the lumbermen was arranged by the British Government so as to use up home supplies of timber for pit props and other necessities instead of importing lumber from other countries. That had become impossible, owing both to lack of ships and prohibitive ocean freight rates.

While we do not look upon England as a forest country, there is, as we learn from Mr. Charles Lathrop Pack, President of the American Forestry Association, both in England and Scotland a considerable amount of timber, and in especial some fine old forests of hard wood, but because of the general insufficiency of timber in England these have been slaughtered since the opening of the war. Famous woodlands and forests are being cut down to provide for immediate and pressing timber needs. While lumber has been imported, such importations have by no means compensated for the large amount of lumber which ordinarily comes under normal conditions from Germany and Russia.

Mr. Pack also points out the tremendous destruction of standing timber by artillery fire. All this means that the potential value of forests, not only in England, but also in France and Belgium, has been greatly reduced.

Of course, as Mr. Pack concludes, the depletion of these European forests increases the economic world importance of American forests, and no economic preparedness in this country will be complete without due regard to this factor. "A country which continually abuses its timber resources as we do cannot expect to continue with economic success." This warning has often been heard before from other forestry experts, but we are glad that this particular forestry expert sounds it again.

"LA LIBRE BELGIQUE"

Sixteen months ago there appeared in Belgium a little newspaper called "La Libre Belgique" (Free Belgium). It has been practically impossible to get a copy of this paper outside of Belgium, owing to the thoroughgoing German search of any one or anything leaving that country. However, a copy has now reached America, and the New

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York "Times" publishes a facsimile of it. This shows as its principal feature on the first page a portrait of the German Governor of Belgium, under the following caption: "His Excellency Governor Baron von Bissing, and his intimate friend." "The intimate friend" is the paper itself, which General von Bissing is shown as reading. Underneath the portrait is another caption, which reads: "Our dear Governor, disheartened by the reading of lies in the censored journals, seeks the truth in 'La Libre Belgique.'"

The editorial "leader" begins as follows:

They [the Germans] have again honored us by noticing our modest bulletin. We are flattered by this, but we see ourselves compelled to repeat that which we have already said in our defense. We are not they whom one can truthfully accuse of provoking our fellow-citizens to revolt. We are not losing any opportunity of preaching patience, endurance, calmness, and respect for the laws of war. Yet we take advantage of this occasion, which has been offered us, to repeat the advice which we have already printed, namely, to be calm. The time will come, slowly but surely, when our enemies, forced to retreat before the Allies, will have to abandon our capital. Let us remember, then, the numerous warnings which have been given to the civil population by the Government and by our Burgomaster, M. Max, "BE CALM." Let us suppress the expressions of legitimate anger which rise in our hearts. Let us be, as we have been up to the present, respectful towards the laws of war. It is thus that we shall continue to merit the esteem and admiration of all civilized peoples.

If every issue of "La Libre Belgique" contained sentiments like the above, it would not seem to be so necessary for the Germans to try to suppress the paper. But it has certainly not been altogether suppressed. We are informed that it has appeared on an average about once a week since February 1, 1915, despite the reward of $10,000 for information which would disclose the names of the editors and publishers and the place of publication. The little paper still mysteriously makes its appearance in various parts of Belgium. Where and when it is printed, and how it is circulated, are secrets.

"PINOCCHIO"

Who has not heard of "Pinocchio"? What child has not read the book? Surely every child should read that story of a wooden puppet who came to life, and through hard experiences became a boy of flesh and blood—and spirit. It has become an Italian classic. The name "Pinocchio" is now held in such affection in Italy as to have been given in terms of esteem to a boy in the hospital of San Giovanni di Dio in Florence. He was carried there from the Isonzo region.

His name is Angelo Giussani. He is a Milan boy. His mother is dead, but his father is still living. Because of family poverty the lad had to begin to earn his own living at a tender age, and had little opportunity for study. He went to work in the chemical laboratory of the well-known establishment of Carlo Erba at Milan.

The war broke out. The boy became a soldier. He was sent to the Trentino—the nearest seat of war—where he remained for several months. Then he was ordered to the Isonzo lowlands north of Trieste. This was a very different story from that in the Trentino because the physical conditions were far worse. He had exchanged a dry mountain region for one where he had to wade knee-deep in mud, where the dampness penetrated his bones, and where most of the fighting occurred in the icy chill of the night.

The boy escaped fatal wounds from the enemy; but he did not escape the chill. His feet were frozen dead! They had to be amputated.

Now he is in the Florence Hospital, and he writes a letter home, the final phrases of which we translate from the Milan "Corriere della Sera:"

I am crazy to get cured quickly, so that I can go and join my father. It sometimes seems to me as if he ought to be rather sad! . . .

I do not hide from you that I have suffered much. But the critical moments are past. I have found again my usual good humor. You see I am young, and I am a Milan boy!

At the hospital they call me Pinocchio, and that makes me laugh. They express the wish that I may find a happy fate—that one fine day I shall be able to convert my feet of wood into feet of flesh! But the time of miracles is past.

Never mind. Even with wooden feet one can live and work, and a good Milan boy never loses courage!

You will excuse this long talk, I am sure; even in it, as you see, I am a Milanese!

When the imaginative Italians called him Pinocchio, they found the right name for this boy of wooden feet and undaunted spirit.

NEW ART EXHIBITIONS IN AMERICA

The energetic work accomplished by Miss Cornelia Sage, director of the Albright Art

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Gallery at Buffalo, has long attracted attention and admiration.

The most conspicuous feature of this year's progress of that Gallery is to be a great, comprehensive sculpture exhibition. It opens on June 1 and continues to September 4. The idea of such an exhibition originated with the late Karl Bitter, but his premature death postponed the actual realization. A felicitous opportunity to carry his idea into effect occurred at the closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. All the rooms at Buffalo having been cleared of paintings, the sculpture from that exposition has been placed in the Albright Art Gallery, and the grounds surrounding the Gallery have also been placed at the disposal of sculptors. The exposition consists of original works of sculpture in all its branches, large and small pieces in brass and marble, plaster, and other material, bas-reliefs, plaques, metals, wood and ivory carvings, objects of sculpture in precious metals, plasters, allegorical statues and groups, and works of a decorative or of a monumental character.

In bringing their achievements before the public, sculptors labor under certain disadvantages which painters do not encounter. Expenses are very much greater, and risks correspondingly larger. Moreover, we have few galleries in which sculptors can exhibit on the same basis as can painters. Hence the Buffalo exposition should attract visitors from all over the country who would like to have a general view of the sculpture of our American artists, as has been impossible before except at San Francisco.

Miss Sage has another special exposition to her credit, and that is a traveling exhibit of some three hundred French and Belgian works of art of very high quality which she also selected from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The French Government asked her to arrange a circuit and manage this collection throughout the country. She has already shown it at Chicago, St. Louis, Buffalo, and Pittsburgh. It will then go to Toronto, Detroit, and Toledo. A particular feature of interest to those who have been unable to go to the various *salons* in Paris is the opportunity afforded by this exhibit to contrast the works of various groups of present-day French painting, the works of the Salons des Artistes Français being in one place, those of the artists of the Salon des Beaux Arts in another, and those of the Société Nouvelle in a third.

THE PATH TO PEACE

Mr. Bryan at the Lake Mohonk Conference in an eloquent peroration pictured Christ before Pilate—Christ the representative of moral force, Pilate the representative of physical force. This picture was impressive, but not well chosen. Pilate declared Christ innocent, exhausted all his power of moral suasion in a vain endeavor to persuade the mob to let him go, and then—delivered him over to be crucified because he dared not use military power to save him. Pilate is the most famous non-resistant of history.

We have heretofore quoted Henry Ward Beecher's interpretation of the New Testament teaching respecting the use of force. "The New Testament declares that malign revenge or hatred is not to be felt toward an enemy. We do not think it touches at all the question of what kind of instruments men may employ. It simply teaches what is the state of mind which is to direct either kind of instrument, moral or physical."

Christ knows but one law—love. One may violate that law with a pen as well as with a pistol; one may obey that law with a pistol as well as with a pen. The editor may use his pen to rob a woman of her good name. The policeman may use his pistol to protect a woman from the white-slaver.

When Columbus landed on the shores of the New World, a few hundred thousand uncivilized Indians roamed over it in perpetual war. Now a hundred million civilized citizens live in it peaceably. Then war was chronic, peace the exception; now peace is chronic, war the exception.

Why?

Not because we have disarmed. The gun of the white man is a better weapon than the Indian's bow and arrow.

Not because we are less determined to maintain our rights and to defend our homes.

But because the Indian defended his rights and avenged his wrongs, and we leave society to determine what are our rights and to defend them, to determine when we are wronged and to punish the wrong-doer. For defense of one's self we have substituted defense of one's neighbor. Civilization has taken the instruments of warfare out of the hands of self-interest and put them into the hands of impartial and disinterested guardians.

We still occasionally suffer from private war inspired by the belief that every man

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must defend himself. Duels are no longer fought in America, but the vendetta is occasionally imported by imperfectly civilized Italians from abroad. Occasionally a state, too inefficient or too niggardly to fulfill its duty, allows capitalists and laborers to arm their retainers and submit their controversy to wager of battle. But this occurs only because the state is either inefficient or niggardly. With such exceptions, happily diminishing in frequency, the state assumes the duty of defending the individual and punishing the wrong-doer. Disarmament of the citizen has followed, not preceded, the transfer of armament to a power better able to defend the right and punish the wrong. The state is primarily a mutual insurance company. We agree to defend each peaceable and law-abiding citizen, and therefore, defended by the state, we no longer carry the sword at our side nor the pistol in our hip pocket.

In the United States we have carried this principle a step further. Organized to "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, and provide for the common defense," the Union guarantees to every State protection both against invasion and against domestic violence, and the States relinquish their right to engage in war except when there is no opportunity to appeal to the Nation for defense. Thus, as the individual transfers to the State the duty of protecting him, so in turn the State transfers to the Nation the duty of its protection. The State has not to arm to defend itself, it has only to arm sufficiently to defend its citizens. But because it has assumed the duty of protecting its citizens it is its duty to be adequately prepared to defend them; hence the constable, the sheriff, the police, the militia. And because the Nation has assumed the duty of protecting the States it is the duty of the Nation to be adequately prepared to defend them; hence the need of an army and a navy. It is often wise to surrender our rights, but no man, no state, no nation, has any right to surrender its duty. As no man has a right to marry who is not prepared, at whatever cost to himself, to defend the lives and the sacred honor of his wife and children, so no state and no nation has a right to exist which is not prepared to do all in its power to protect the rights and interests of those who have trusted themselves to its safekeeping.

The League to Enforce Peace is a proposal that the nations shall combine to do for each nation what the individuals have combined to do for each individual and the States have combined to do for each State. It is a proposal that the civilized nations shall no longer depend upon their own judgment to determine what are their rights, but leave that determination to an international tribunal; no longer depend on their own arms to defend those rights, but leave that defense to an international league. The history of the past is a guide-post to the future. He is a foolish radical who endeavors to wipe off the slate all that past experience has written upon it; he is a wise reformer who learns from the past experience the direction in which to look for future progress. The course which civilization has taken in the past to secure peace in the nation the League to Enforce Peace asks the nations to take to secure peace in the world.

This course follows the method which Jesus recommended: "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone; if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother. But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established. And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." The Jews had no intercourse with the heathen and the publicans. Translate this counsel into international language, and what does it mean? If you have a controversy with another nation, try peaceful negotiations—that is, diplomacy; if you cannot settle it by diplomacy, call in some impartial nations and by their counsel endeavor to settle it—that is, arbitration; if you cannot settle it by arbitration, bring the question before a congregation of the nations—that is, a permanent court of the nations; if the contesting nation will not hear the congregation of the nations, then what? War? No! Non-intercourse; war only if the right of nations to refuse intercourse is denied.

It is said that non-intercourse would be an inadequate remedy. The history of the present war is an adequate reply. Germany is drawing toward the end of her resources, not because she has been beaten on the battlefields, but because she is so hedged about by her enemies that, notwithstanding the imperfection of the English blockade, supplies of

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other nations no longer reach her. It is not defeat on the battlefields, it is non-intercourse which is making her eager for peace.

Suppose a league of peace comprising the civilized nations of the earth had existed when, in 1914, Austria proposed a punitive expedition against Servia. Servia had declared her innocence and proposed to leave the question either to an impartial tribunal or to a conference of the nations. Austria refused. A league of peace would have said to Austria and Germany: "If you attack Servia, the whole civilized world will treat you as the Jews treated the heathen men and the publicans. It will have no intercourse with you. No ships of yours shall sail into our ports; no ships of ours shall sail into your ports. No people of our lands shall cross your border; no people of your lands shall cross our borders." The war would never have been declared. The question of Servia's guilt would have been submitted either to an impartial tribunal or to a conference of the nations, and settled as in all civilized states the guilt or innocence of the accused is always settled.

Disarmament is not the way to peace. The Armenians were disarmed; disarmament did not prevent their wholesale massacre. The Jews of Russia were disarmed; disarmament did not prevent their wholesale massacre. American citizens in Mexico were disarmed; disarmament did not prevent the killing of men and the violating of women in Mexico. Merchant ships crossing the Atlantic Ocean were disarmed; disarmament did not protect them from attack by piratical craft under the sea. To-day, if the civilized nations were to abolish their navies, pirates would come back to prey upon merchantmen. In the Eastern States, where we have fairly effective means of protection, train robberies are rare; in the Far West, where the population is sparse and there are no adequate means for the protection of the railways, train robberies have been frequent. Disarmament never has brought peace and never will bring peace so long as criminals are permitted to go armed.

It is not the abandonment of power, it is the transference of power from self-interested to impartial and disinterested hands, that brings peace. If the State arms itself to protect its citizens, its citizens can disarm and live in peace. If the Nation arms itself to protect the States, the State needs only such armed forces as are necesssary to protect its citizens, and the State can live in peace. If a league of nations arms itself to protect the peaceful nations from aggression, each nation will need only such armament as is necessary to fulfill its share in the policing of the world, and the nations can live in peace.

AN ARMY IN POLITICS

In the Hay-Chamberlain Army Bill which has passed Congress there is one provision so harmful that it well may be regarded as counterbalancing whatever good there may be in the other provisions. We shall not here undertake to discuss these other provisions, but shall reserve such discussion to a later date. That, when this bill becomes law, the regular army will have been strengthened, that the terms of enlistment will have been improved so that there is now ground for hope that a regular army reserve may be created, that citizens who wish to do what they can to prepare themselves for military duty in case of need will have opportunities that are now denied them, is clear; but it is equally clear that Congress has opened the door to a grave abuse which, not only in times of the Nation's extremity, but even in times of peace, may grow into a great evil. We refer to the provision for the payment of State militia officers.

The substance of this provision is as follows: Except during periods of service for which militia officers are lawfully entitled to the same pay as officers of the corresponding grades in the regular army, certain commissioned officers of the National Guard of each State that receives its share of Federal appropriation for the National Guard shall receive compensation as follows: Captains and every officer of higher rank, $500 per year; first lieutenants, $240 per year; second lieutenants, $200 per year.

This provision makes militia officers professional soldiers without subjecting them to the restrictions that apply to officers of the regular army.

When Americans speak of militarism, they are accustomed to think of one form, namely, the militarism of Prussia. From Prussian militarism in this country we have nothing to fear, for the simple reason that Prussia is essentially an autocracy, while the United States is essentially a democracy. But the evils of militarism do not lie in its form but

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in its substance. In essence militarism consists in the exercise of power over the civil processes of government by the military. In Prussia and countries of autocratic character military dominance is exercised by autocratic methods. The hereditary rulers of an autocracy are military. There is no way by which the people can get rid of this military domination except by revolutionizing their form of government. There are in this country no hereditary rulers with military privileges. Over the regular army the civil authority is supreme. The control of the standing army in this country is wholly in the hands of the people and the people's civilian representatives. In America, therefore, Prussian militarism is impossible.

Democracy, however, is not immune from the evil of militarism in another form. The exercise of the power and the will of the professional soldier can be exercised through politics. This form of militarism showed itself in the French democracy at the time of the Dreyfus case. It was military power exercised through politics that sent Dreyfus to Devil's Island and withstood so bitterly the course of justice that the very Republic was endangered. Against this form of militarism this country seems to have been heretofore well protected by the spirit of its people. So pronounced is public opinion in this country against militarism that officers in the regular army, no matter how high their rank and no matter how great their services, do not hold public office, are not members of Congress, cannot be Governors of States, do not participate in political organizations. No one would think of removing these restrictions from the officers of the regular army. But the Hay-Chamberlain Bill has done what amounts to the same thing by creating a class of professional soldiers not subject to these restrictions. The militia officer may be a member of Congress, a Representative, or a Senator; he may be the Governor of a State; he may be the boss of a political party. The power of the militia officer even as it is has been shown by the activities of the militia organization in influencing the present Congress. This power is increased many fold by making the militia officer a professional soldier of the United States and by giving to him a financial interest in his military position while not removing from him any of his political powers.

This is military bureaucracy. If the Federal Post-Office was not under complete Federal authority, but was a part of the State organization, and yet the chief posts in the Post-Office Department were paid by the Federal Government, we might in this way create a bureaucracy which we might call postalism. If the railways of the country were managed by the States, and great railway magnates nevertheless received pay from the Federal Government, so that they had financial interest in Federal politics without being subject to Federal control, we should have a railway bureaucracy which we might call railroadism. In precisely the same way the Hay Bill has instituted a State military organization in which the officers, though not a part of the regular army, and therefore free from its restrictions, have a financial interest in Federal politics, and thus may be said to have formed the beginnings of a military bureaucracy, which is correctly termed militarism.

This Nation needs, and ought to have, a moderate but adequate standing army consisting of professional soldiers wholly subject to civilian authority and without political influence. It ought also to have a citizen soldiery consisting of men exercising in full their civilian rights but without any professional or financial interest in the development of the military establishment. The organized militia, as organized by the Hay Bill, is neither the one nor the other. If this country shall ever suffer from political domination by the military, as France did during the Dreyfus episode, it will be through such a politico-military body as the Hay Bill has now legalized.

"JUSTICE"

Six New York theater managers, we are informed, declined to book Galsworthy's drama "Justice." The reason was that they were convinced that the playgoers of this country would not forsake vaudeville and musical comedy for a play so serious in purpose. The success of "Justice" has shown that these theater managers were mistaken and the courageous producers of the play were right, and that even the New York mind, so often satirized for its alleged moral limitations, is capable of responding to a serious play if it is really a play and if it is well acted.

Doubts about the possible success of such a play were, however, not wholly without

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reason. "Justice" is not merely a play; it is a powerful social sermon. Playgoers do not attend the theater, as a rule, to hear sermons; they go to see plays. Too often playgoers and managers alike have been blamed for failing to support plays that were not really or primarily plays at all, but lectures in dramatic form. There is a good deal about "Justice" that would make an ordinary theater manager put it into the same category with those works that failed because they pretended to be what they were not. Whatever else "Justice" is, however, it certainly is a play.

The story of "Justice" is the story of a weak man of humane motives but of timid nature and imperfect moral sense who runs foul of the machinery of the law. A young woman, Ruth Honeywill, the mother of two children, has a brute for a husband. He ill-treats her unmercifully. A young law clerk, William Falder, becomes acquainted with her, and not only is outraged by her sufferings, but becomes devotedly attached to her. To protect her and her children he plans to take her away to South America and marry her. To do this he needs money. In a moment of desperation, after seeing her bruised, he raises a figure on a check. The forgery is promptly discovered, but circumstances make it easy for Falder to cast suspicion for a while upon a fellow-clerk. At last, however, he confesses. His employer whom he undertook to defraud is a humane man, but insists, for the sake of justice, that the clerk be prosecuted. At the trial Falder's counsel pleads in vain for mercy. Falder is sent to prison. After two years he is released on parole, tries to secure work, plans again to rescue Ruth Honeywill, discovers that in her plight she has sacrificed her womanly honor for the protection of her children, and upon being rearrested for the violation of a rule of his parole kills himself.

The story is a gloomy one, scarcely relieved by the kindly whimsicality of Cokeson, the senior law clerk who figures throughout as the constant friend of the weak-willed Falder. It is a tragedy. After the dramatic action begins it moves steadily and inexorably to the unavoidable end. Destiny is as unrelenting in this as in any Greek tragedy. The propelling power of the tragedy in this case, however, is not blind fate, but the English system of justice. And that legal system shows itself in this case to be as impersonal and pitiless as any pagan deity. The people in the drama are not inhuman; the employer who insists on the prosecution shows sympathy as well as conscience. The jury are common mortals. The governor, chaplain, and doctor of the prison are men with feelings like the rest of mankind. It is the impersonal machine of the law that is the destructive power which none can resist. It is the same legal system that we know in America. As Falder's counsel says:

> Justice is a machine that, when some one has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness? Is he to become a member of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? Is that to be his voyage—from which so few return? Or is he to have another chance, to be still looked on as one who has gone a little astray, but who will come back? I urge you, gentlemen, do not ruin this young man!

The contrast between essential justice and an impersonal legal machine is heightened by the words of the judge addressed to the prisoner:

> Throughout the trial your counsel was in reality making an appeal for mercy. . . . He claimed that you should be treated rather as a patient than as a criminal. And this plea of his, which in the end amounted to a passionate appeal, he based in effect on an indictment of the march of justice, which he practically accused of confirming and completing the process of criminality. . . . I do not follow him in these flights. *The law is what it is*—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another. I am concerned only with its administration.

This contrast between substantial justice and the product of the legal machine, thus expressed in general terms by two of the characters of the play, is shown on the stage in the terms of human life and human character. In the keeping of a less competent company the play would lose much of its power, for the effectiveness of it depends upon the humanness of the characters in contrast to the inhumanity of a system. John Barrymore, who has spent years in musical comedy and in playing the rôles of polite crooks, rises in this play to a very high plane of dramatic art. He has fewer lines than some of the subordinate characters, but he can be eloquent not only with words but with a shambling walk and a dejected attitude. His every action expresses, not criminality, but unhealthy will. Indeed, after seeing this

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play one cannot think of Falder as a wicked or evil-minded man to be punished, but must think of him as a man whose moral character is desperately sick and needs to be cured.

In literary quality the play is what one has a right to expect from the author of "Strife," "The Pigeon," and "The Silver Box." The auditor forgets that he is listening to theatrical dialogue, and feels that he is hearing a real conversation. Each person of the play is distinct in character. Not one of them is a puppet or a mere type. One of the most daring of the scenes is that in the court-room. There is not the remotest intimation of caricature or conscious satire in it. Whatever satire there is in it is implicit in the very nature of the situation. The drama moves from scene to scene with a steady rise in dramatic power. The impressiveness of the play is the impressiveness of the truth.

This is why people who come away from seeing the play talk about it, not in the terms of the stage, but in the terms of court-rooms and prisons. They feel that they have seen in that one evening more of one aspect of life than they would be able to see in many weeks of study and investigation at first hand. Galsworthy, by no artifice, but rather by the artistic use of the truth, makes his auditors face what we call the prison problem, and they will thereafter think of prisons as composed, not of bars and walls, but of people.

At this opening performance in New York City Thomas Mott Osborne, known the country over for what he has done as Warden of Sing Sing, attended at the request of the New York "Tribune," and afterward wrote for that newspaper his impressions. These may be summarized in his own words: "We do not shudder when we think of a man with a broken leg being sent to a hospital, for we know that he will not come out with two broken legs, or if he has a strained tendon that he will not come out with a compound fracture. Yet that is about what we feel will happen to the morally injured man who is sent to prison."

After seeing this play, many people for the first time in their lives will be conscious of this fact of which Mr. Osborne speaks. For the first time they will realize that society has been "punishing" criminals by making them more criminal, administering "justice" by rendering the man already too weak to resist evil still weaker and still more incapable of either helping himself or receiving help from others.

No one who wants to be merely amused will see this play. But there are enough people who go to the theater for something besides amusement to have made the production of this play already not only an artistic but a financial success. The experience of the young firm of producers who have also brought out Mrs. Fiske in a charming comedy of Pennsylvania Dutch life—"Erstwhile Susan"—is one of the most satisfactory signs of the American stage, for it is new evidence of soundness in American taste. This new firm of producers, however, have served well, not only the cause of dramatic art, but also the cause of common sense and justice in a great social question.

THE EAST SIDE'S TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

"MAY I pin a flower on your coat, sir?"

A bright young girl arrayed in a costume of the Elizabethan period asked the question.

"Why, yes, certainly. What is the charge?" The victim of many charity bazaars put his hand in his pocket.

"There is no charge—for you know Shakespeare loved flowers!"

The visitor could have had no pleasanter introduction to a festival in honor of Shakespeare. He realized at once that he was the guest of a great company of the child lovers of the dramatist whose fame all the world is celebrating this year. The scene of this particular celebration was the vast inclosed playground, nearly a block square, of one of New York City's largest public schools, No. 188, situated at the corner of Houston and Lewis Streets. Here, in the heart of the East Side, a tribute to Shakespeare was

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being given of which any community might be proud. The idea was to present the atmosphere of Shakespeare's time as a background for a eulogy of the man. Little maids offered the visitor confections made by themselves after seventeenth-century recipes. At one side of the inclosure was a "Shakespeare garden," in which was found almost every flower mentioned in the plays. Near it was "Shakespeare's house," a model made by the boys themselves. Farther on was the "Globe Theater," also made by the boys, with their own decorative posters.

Taking a seat under the guidance of a courteous Boy Scout, the spectator beheld a picturesque procession of the varied characters of old-time London—laborers, artisans, fops, courtiers, watermen, gayly dressed ladies, flower-girls, acrobats—all presenting characteristic groupings found in the old London streets.

Then came dances and games—a morrice dance, "prisoners' bars," "loggats." A group of strollers sang "Drink to me only with thine eyes." A young girl played old English ballads on a harpsichord—"Cherry Ripe," etc. Then came tableaux—Robin Hood and his Men in Sherwood Forest, Raleigh with his Indians brought from America, Queen Elizabeth honoring her great captains, etc. [A photograph of one of these scenes, that of Queen Elizabeth and her captains, is reproduced in the picture section.—THE EDITORS.]

The audience being sufficiently suffused with the feeling of the times, the performance of Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theater began. A real Elizabethan theater-going crowd, hundreds of them, personified by children, assembled. On the stage—a historically correct one—the tragedy of "King Lear" was presented, with real pathos; then "Midsummer Night's Dream," with a genuine comedy spirit; then "Hamlet," given and received with commendable dignity and seriousness.

Then came the formal tribute to Shakespeare, recited by Genius, a young girl—

And so on. The reader may well be more interested in some facts about the production of this East Side tribute to Shakespeare than in the further enumeration of the special features of such a pageant.

Twelve hundred children took part in this realistic performance. They were selected from thirty-two thousand pupils in fifteen different schools. The names of the pupils who took part in "King Lear" will indicate the racial background of many of the performers: Abraham Schwartz, Aaron Pfefferholtz, Philip Klammer, Lillian Erenteil, Florence Bero, Minnie Zimmerman, Joseph Licht, Samuel Rechtman. The costumes were historically correct, a great amount of research work having been done to make them so. Hundreds of teachers helped thousands of pupils and parents in the cutting and sewing of these garments.

A pupils' orchestra consisting of seventy-two pieces furnished appropriate instrumental music, while a glee club of pupils sang such songs as "Where the Bee Sucks," "Who is Sylvia?" "I know a Bank," etc., with expression and intelligence.

The necessary sign-painting and house-painting were done by the boys of the prevocational departments of one of the schools.

The pupils in the ungraded classes helped. They made trays and other stage properties. Kindergarten children helped. They made the beaded strings for the Indian dance.

Shakespeare had been the center of study in every class in these schools for several weeks. The children learned the stories of the plays; they sang the Shakespearean songs; they memorized quotations; they drew pictures suggested by the plays.

The vast amount of labor involved in the training, the costuming, and the supervision of the pageant and plays was participated in by hundreds of enthusiastic teachers and school officials. This genuine Shakespearean revival reflects credit on the entire teaching staff interested, from President Willcox, of the Board of Education, down. Among a host of names that should be mentioned space permits the inclusion only of those of Mrs. Anna M. Lütkenhaus, the author of the scenario, Mr. Gustave Blum, who assisted her, and Mr. I. E. Goldwasser, District Superintendent, who did most of the executive work.

If the East Siders of the oncoming generation are not enthusiastic devotees of the Shakespearean drama, it will be, one observer felt, only because with growing prosperity they may have moved over to the West Side. And if they do move there, they will carry to their new home an enthusiasm for the great dramatic genius of England that is not always to-day found in the habitat of the so-called "highbrows."

Another impression gained from this East

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Side tribute to Shakespeare was of the wealth of New York City—not its material wealth, but its wealth in humanity, its riches in possessing a population half assimilated though it be, which in the midst of hard conditions can yet cherish ideals of beauty in literature and art and devote time and thought to their expression. H. H. MOORE.

WANTED—A STATESMAN

The Outlook has already reported the organization of the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League, the object of which is to crystallize and express public opinion in behalf of the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for President. The following letter explains itself. It states the reasons why the editor-in-chief of this paper advocates the nomination and election of Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Guy Emerson,
Secretary the Roosevelt Non-Partisan League,
12 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City:

My dear Sir—Neither a Republican nor a Progressive, but a lifelong Independent who has, however, generally voted with the Republican party, I write to express the hope that your Committee will succeed in its efforts to promote the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt at Chicago. Some men of excellent moral character, but limited moral ability, measure all questions of conduct by guessing what will be the probable results of any course proposed. In public life these men are politicians, sometimes very skillful politicians. Some men of greater vision and greater courage have power to perceive great principles of righteousness and ability to apply these principles to the complex situations of modern life and courage to follow their lead whatever may be the immediate cost to themselves or to others. In public life these men are statesmen, sometimes great statesmen. With them history classes Burke and Chatham, who for seven years fought an apparently hopeless battle against Lord North and George III; Mr. Gladstone, who sacrificed his own political career and split his party because he was resolved to do justice to Ireland; Abraham Lincoln, who declared that the question before the country was simply, Is slavery right or wrong? If wrong, the Federal Government could not righteously allow it in territory under its jurisdiction.

For five years Mr. Roosevelt and I were intimately associated. We met each week in editorial conference to consider what course The Outlook should pursue in dealing with public questions. He never asked how a given course of conduct would affect either the fortunes of The Outlook or his own political prospects; always he addressed himself to two questions: What is right? and, What can wisely and effectively be done to promote the right? It is for this reason I count Mr. Roosevelt among the world's great statesmen.

It was the duty of this Republic to protect the persons and property of American citizens peacefully pursuing lawful vocations in Mexico, whatever that protection might cost. It would have been wise to invite the South American republics to join us in promoting protection to all peaceable inhabitants of that unhappy country. It was the duty of the Republic to protest against the invasion of Belgium in violation of a sacred treaty, and to do all in its power to protect non-combatants from assault in violation alike of humanity and international law. It would have been, it still would be, wise to invite other neutral nations to join us in such protest and such protection. But under the present Administration the Democratic party has asked, What is safe? not, What is right?

In the present crisis the Nation needs a great statesman, not a skillful politician; it needs a man who measures conduct by fundamental principles of righteousness, not by probable prospective consequences. The Nation proved in the Civil War and again in the Spanish-American War that it possesses both conscience to see the right and courage to pursue it, provided it has a statesman as its leader. It needs now such a leader to awaken its conscience and to inspire its courage. For this reason, neither a Republican nor a Progressive but an Independent, I hope to see Mr. Roosevelt nominated and elected as President of the United States.

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.

Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York,
May 22, 1916.

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THE IRISH REVOLT

The discussion in The Outlook of May 17 of the unhappy and futile Irish revolt has brought us many letters. The Outlook has fully stated its own position and does not believe that a prolongation of the discussion can serve any special good, but, in order to give its critics an opportunity to express their views once more, it publishes herewith two representative letters.

Together with these letters we give the comments of a Jewish critic upon the revolt. The author, Mr. Montague Glass, has made an international reputation as the creator of "Potash and Perlmutter." He is now writing for the New York "Tribune" some shrewd and witty comments on current events in the form of conversations between two imaginary New York Jews, one a real estate dealer, the other a waist manufacturer. Mr. Glass is the Jewish "Mr. Dooley."

Finally, we print an extract from a striking address made at a recent mass-meeting held in Carnegie Hall in New York City in memory of the Americans who were murdered on the Lusitania. The address was made by Mr. Lawrence Godkin, a member of the New York bar, and a man of distinguished Irish lineage.—THE EDITORS.

I—IRISH PATRIOTISM

To the Readers of The Outlook:

Because of the exigencies of periodical publication, the editor, under most urgent pressure from me, considers he can only permit me a couple of inches of space in which to show his readers that the editorial article "The Irish Revolt" (May 17) was grievously misleading and very painfully unjust to our little struggling nation at the moment when she is enduring one other of the agonies that have been hers in thick succession since the Englishman first extended to us his charitable protection.

From the first historical references, that "the Irish revolted against the rule of Charles I" (though it is matter of regret that they were not able to revolt against the rule of every king in the catalogue), and that the Irish were almost as cruel to the English as Cromwell was to the Irish (the householder cruel to the poor inoffensive burglar, as the tender-hearted burglar is constrained to be to the householder!), down to the last, that the Irish people in the rebellion of 1798 fell to fighting among themselves, there is betrayed a ludicrous lack of knowledge of the subject (Irish history) which the writer presumes to teach to others.

It is likewise packed with misleading truths. As, for instance, telling that the "Irish" Parliament sold out to England in 1800, while (either through historical ignorance or harmful intent) concealing from the readers the fact that this was a Parliament of the English people in Ireland—the people who owned our confiscated lands and our confiscated trade—and that our *Irish* people (deprived of all citizen rights, debarred by law from trade, commerce, the professions, from education, from their religion, and whose killing was no crime in law) could not even give one vote for one member of this "Irish" Parliament!

And the foregoing is in keeping with the absolutely unfounded statements that England has persistently legislated to re-establish the Irish manufactures which she had killed off by law, and that since 1800 she has been by repeated remedial measures showing her honest desire to remedy Irish grievances.

Now, though I'm only a poor man, I here and now offer to pay a hundred years' subscription to The Outlook and make every member of the staff a handsome Christmas present annually while I live if any member of the staff, or all combined, can name one solitary remedial measure of any importance obtained during the past one hundred and sixteen years (since the union) for which first a fierce and furious Irish agitation did not shake Ireland and shake England, during which England, vowing that she would never yield, dragooned our people, imprisoned and transported them, shot, killed, and hung them, ere she ungraciously yielded that which she could no longer deny.

My offer now awaits your leisure.

I note that The Outlook regrets "the lack of prompt and vigorous action" by England before the recent revolt. I wonder if this cautiously modulated sigh for the good old English methods in dealing with a struggling

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little nation is worthy of the traditions of The Outlook or the traditions of America. It would grieve me to think so.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

II—VISIONS AND IDEALISTS

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I appreciate the American spirit of fair play which induced you to ask my good friend Seumas MacManus to say what he thought of the efforts of my friends in Dublin to unmask the arch-hypocrite.

Your own comments are somewhat surprising. You say:

> That imagination and a simple idealism, which takes little account of the human difficulties that must be met in a spirit of compromise in all political relations, furnished the chief motive power in the recent uprising in Dublin, is, we think, indicated by the tone, spirit, and rhetoric of the Irish contributions which we here present to our readers.

I have noticed that you, too, "have seemed to take little account of the human difficulties which must be met in a spirit of compromise in all political relations," in cases like Belgium, the Lusitania, and even Mexico. And I know the underlying reason for this distinction. Herr von Bissing tells us the Belgians are a nation of children; from the lofty heights of the Prussian superman he lectures Cardinal Mercier about imagination, simple idealism, and so forth. From the lofty heights of the Anglo-Saxon superman you lecture us Irish. Now one of our missions in this country is to make you forget that you are an Anglo-Saxon superman, and to make you remember that you are that far better and nobler thing, a plain American.

The "human difficulties" you have in mind are, first, the English and the Anglicized American conviction that the British Empire must be preserved at all costs; and, secondly, the determination of the English people to keep the Irish in a position where they can never become a menace to that Empire. With these human difficulties we Irish have compromised ever since Isaac Butt started the Home Rule movement. My friends Eoin MacNeill and Padraic Pearse were loyal supporters of John Redmond in that compromise. Their confidence was abused. English society, English finance, the English army and navy, conspired, first, to maintain a campaign of the "menace" type among English and Irish Protestants; second, to arm and drill Irish Protestants against the "compromise;" and, thirdly, to cow Asquith, as they have done, and thereby to kill the compromise. That brought my comrades back to fundamentals once more. England spurned us with scorn even when we did compromise and try to be friendly. We are back once more where our fathers were; we are told that the alternative is no Irish nation or no English Empire. You know our choice; and it is a little surprising to an admirer of American manhood to find *you* putting on the von Bissing sneer at inferior races.

Again, you condemn my comrades "because in the hour of Ireland's greatest need and largest opportunity they had not the vision to put aside the memory of ancient wrongs nor the wisdom to choose the surest path to the liberty and freedom for which they were willing to die."

I know what this "rhetoric" about "vision" and "wisdom" is due to. It is due to the "imagination" and "the simple idealism" of your childlike faith in English generosity and English justice. You do make me smile.

But I am not able to smile when you present an English political tract of the narrowest Prussian type as a statement of the case between my country and the foreigners who hold it on the same tenure as Belgium and Servia are held. It makes sad reading for one who wants to believe that there are such things as American scholarship, American independence of thought, and American manhood.

I suspect you are a little bit ashamed of the Anglo-Saxon superman attitude, especially after Kut-el-Amara and Gallipoli. You are beginning to see that if the Anglo-Saxon superman must be beaten by his Prussian rival unless America comes to his aid, it does not follow that America need skulk behind the English fleet for all time. Through her yellow ally England has gently reminded you just recently what is the exact meaning of Anglo-Saxonism, *i.e.*, the subservience of America as well as of all other countries to the interests of England. In your comments upon your Irish contributors you display symptoms of a return to a sane and

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healthy Americanism. As I say, we Irish are here to help on the process of your complete healing.

Pardon me if I add that a lot of the faked horror about the Lusitania was due to the fact that England's bluff was called, when the German submarine defied her navy and sank an auxiliary cruiser. The naval prestige of England was shattered just when England was smiling at the audacity of the Germans who threatened to shatter it in "English" waters. The naval prestige of England is far dearer to England and to American Tories than the lives of American babies.

Cut out the imagination, the simple idealism, the rhetoric, and look at the facts; above all, don't continue to fall for England's bluff about freedom, civilization, and the Anglo-Saxon Superman.

Dubuque College,
Dubuque, Iowa. (The Rev.) P. FORDE.

III—THE RUSSIAN JEW AND THE IRISH PATRIOT[1]

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

"Listen, Zapp," Birsky said, "I am going now on every kind of theayter for years already—English, Yiddish, and vaudeville—and one thing I learned it, Zapp, that if there is anything more tragical than a comedy which ain't funny, y'understand, it's a tragedy that the audience couldn't help laughing at. And you couldn't blame them people for laughing at it, Zapp, any more than you could blame me for eating paprika chicken *mit Knockerl* while them poor Irish is getting killed by the thousands, because what would happen me if I did otherwise, Zapp? Let us say, for example, that I would go out into the streets and sit in the gutter and beat my chest, and a policeman—an Irish policeman at that—comes along and asks what is the matter with me, Zapp, and I tell him I am carrying on that way because the revolution gets put down in Ireland. The chances is he would take me before a magistrate—and an Irish magistrate at that—and the first thing you know my relations is paying hundreds of dollars to a lawyer he should get me out of the asylum with a mandamus or an aveous corpus, whichever the lawyer thinks he could charge the most for. Am I right or wrong?"

* * *

"I don't claim nothing about the Irish revolution because I don't know nothing about it," Birsky said, "but I was born and raised in Russland, Zapp, and if a feller is a revolutionist, *nebich*, he has got my best wishes up to and including the funeral."

"Well, I'll tell you," Zapp explained. "A Russian revolutionist is one thing and an Irish revolutionist is something else again. What a Russian revolutionist wants is that he should be able to live in Russia under Government conditions a quarter as good as they are in Ireland, but, as he couldn't expect miracles exactly, he would be satisfied if he could get one-tenth the liberty the Irishman has got."

"Then what is the Irishman a revolutionist for?" Birsky asked.

"He is a revolutionist for old times' sake," Zapp continued.

* * *

"I think you are fooling yourself, Zapp," Birsky said. "I think you would find that England has got things fixed that an Irishman must got to live in a pale of Irish settlement and couldn't own no real estate, the same like our people in Russland, and also an Irishman couldn't use the Irish language the same like the Poles couldn't use no Polish in their business with Russians."

"*Oser a Stuck!*" Zapp declared. "An Irishman could live where he wants to, vote, own real estate and act in Ireland the same like he acts in the United States; and as for the Irish language, Birsky, the average Irishman knows just so much about it as you do about *Loschen Hakodesh* [holy language—that is, Hebrew], Birsky."

"To my sorrow, Zapp, I never had the time to learn it," Birsky said.

"Well, if you ever do have the time," Zapp retorted, "learn instead to play as good as Paderewski on the piano, Birsky. It's a whole lot easier, Birsky, and you'll get more enjoyment out of it, which you could take it from

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me, Birsky, if the English Government insisted that every Irishman must got to learn Irish, y'understand, then with reason there would be an Irish revolution, and the Kaiser wouldn't got to finance it neither."

* * *

"*Aber*, how do you know that the Germans was behind the Irish revolution?" Birsky insisted.

"In the first place, everybody says so," Zapp explained, "and in the second place, it sounds awful German to *me*. Everything was figured out in advance, Birsky, in the regular German way. They had coins coined, postage stamps printed, a president, a vice-president, a cabinet, and, in fact, it was the last word in what a republic should ought to be, according to the opinion of Professor von Spinngewebe, of the Department of History of the University of Berlin. No pains was spared in working out the details, Birsky, and nothing was overlooked—absolutely nothing, except a couple million English troops about six hours away in England and several war-ships of the English navy. Yes, Birsky, the whole thing seems like the genwine brand of German efficiency—the same as Verdun and the Battle of the Marne. It reminds you of one of them surgical operations by a two-thousand-dollar professor, where he diagnoses the case successfully, opens the patient successfully, removes most everything he sees successfully, closes the patient successfully, and brings him out of the ether successfully, and the patient gets along splendidly up to two or three days before his funeral."

"But, by your own showing, the Germans did succeed in bringing about the Irish revolution, Zapp," Birsky said.

"Yes," Zapp commented. "The operation was successful, Birsky, but the patient died."

IV—ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND THE IRISH

BY LAWRENCE GODKIN

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

FROM A SPEECH DELIVERED AT A RECENT MASS-MEETING OF THE AMERICAN RIGHTS COMMITTEE

By paternal ancestry I am an Irishman. My father[1] was Irish—born in County Wicklow. My grandfather was Irish and was an active member of the revolutionary "Young Ireland" party of 1848. His membership in that movement was maintained at great self-sacrifice. There was nothing pro-British in my grandfather.

On the other hand, my maternal ancestry was of the New England Yankee stock. My mother's forebears were revolutionists against King George III and British misrule. There was nothing pro-British about my maternal ancestors.

I myself think the blackest page in England's history is that which records her treatment of Ireland. There is every reason why I should not be pro-British.

And yet to-day my heart goes out to England and the thousands of Irishmen who are fighting under her standard in the trenches. For she and they are fighting the battle of freedom and civilization against Prussian "frightfulness."

Irishmen have gone to every land in the world and have distinguished themselves in every land in the world but one. You will find great Irishmen, not only in England, Australasia, Canada, and the United States, but in France, Spain, and South America. Marshal MacMahon, of France, was Irish. General O'Donohue, who on behalf of Spain signed the treaty of peace with Mexico in 1826, was Irish. We hear of great French-Irishmen, great Spanish-Irishmen, great Anglo-Irishmen, great Yankee-Irishmen. But who ever heard of a Prussian-Irishman? Irishmen do not go to Prussia. The philosophy and policy of Prussia are repugnant to the heart of every true Irishman. No Irishman could ever treat women and children and babes at the breast as the Prussians treated the innocent victims of the submarine that torpedoed the Lusitania. That is why as an Irishman I am anti-German.

[1] Mr. Godkin's father was E. L. Godkin, the distinguished editor of the New York "Evening Post" and the founder of the "Nation." He was one of the greatest war correspondents of his time.—THE EDITORS.

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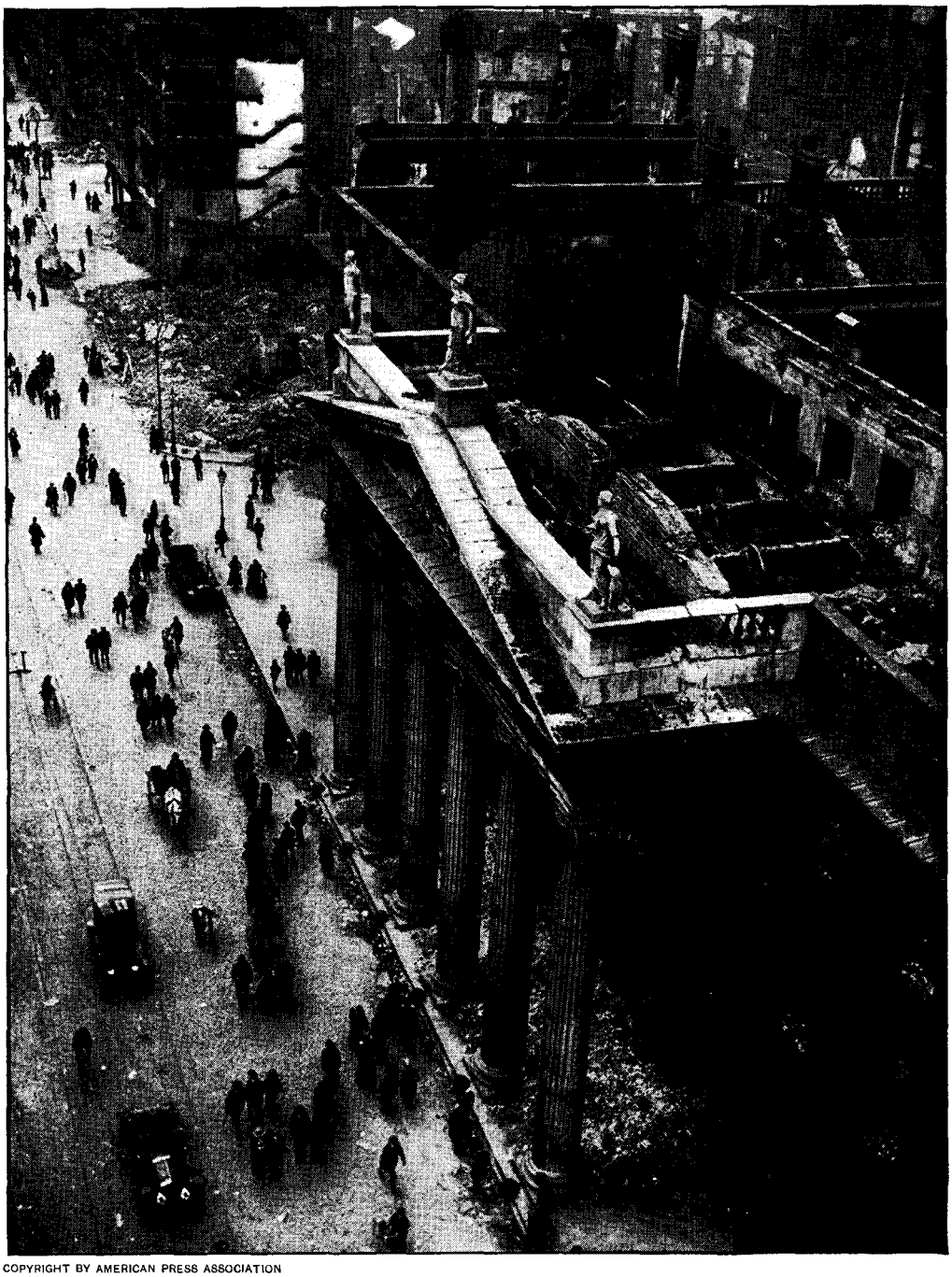
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE REVOLT IN IRELAND

This interesting picture was taken from the top of the Nelson Monument, one of the landmarks of Dublin. It shows the portico of the Post-Office, which was badly damaged during the fighting. See following pages for other views taken during or shortly after the revolt

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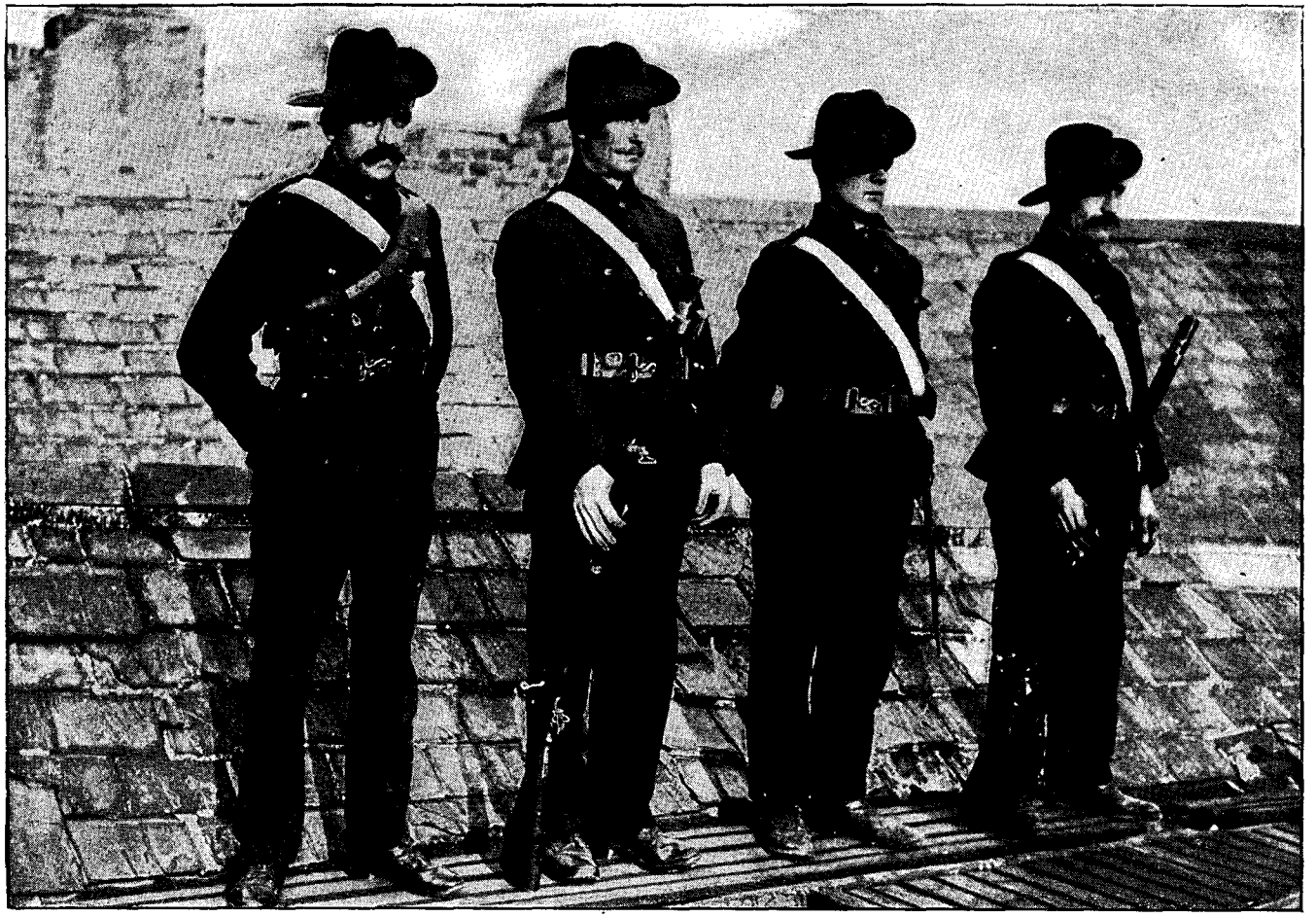

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IRISH REVOLUTIONISTS ON THE ROOF OF LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN

Liberty Hall was the headquarters of the "Irish Citizen Army," and the above picture of members of the Sinn Fein Volunteers in their uniforms was, it is stated, "taken by a rebel photographer on the first day of the revolt." These men had been detailed to guard the roof of the building from attack

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THE DUBLIN SAVINGS BANK DURING THE REVOLT

Capital is proverbially cautious, and wisely so during times of trouble. In order to prevent possible looting, the officials of this bank closed its doors till order was restored, explaining their action by the placard seen above the heads of the passing throng, which contains some characteristic types of the inhabitants of Ireland's capital

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PHOTOGRAPH FROM EDWIN LEVICK

A FAMOUS RETIRED ACTRESS, MARY ANDERSON, APPEARS AGAIN ON THE STAGE

A host of middle-aged Americans still revere Mary Anderson as "the most beautiful woman on the stage." Long ago she left the theater, married, and made England her home. Recently she made her reappearance in London in the Shakespeare Festival as Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene, in which character our photograph represents her

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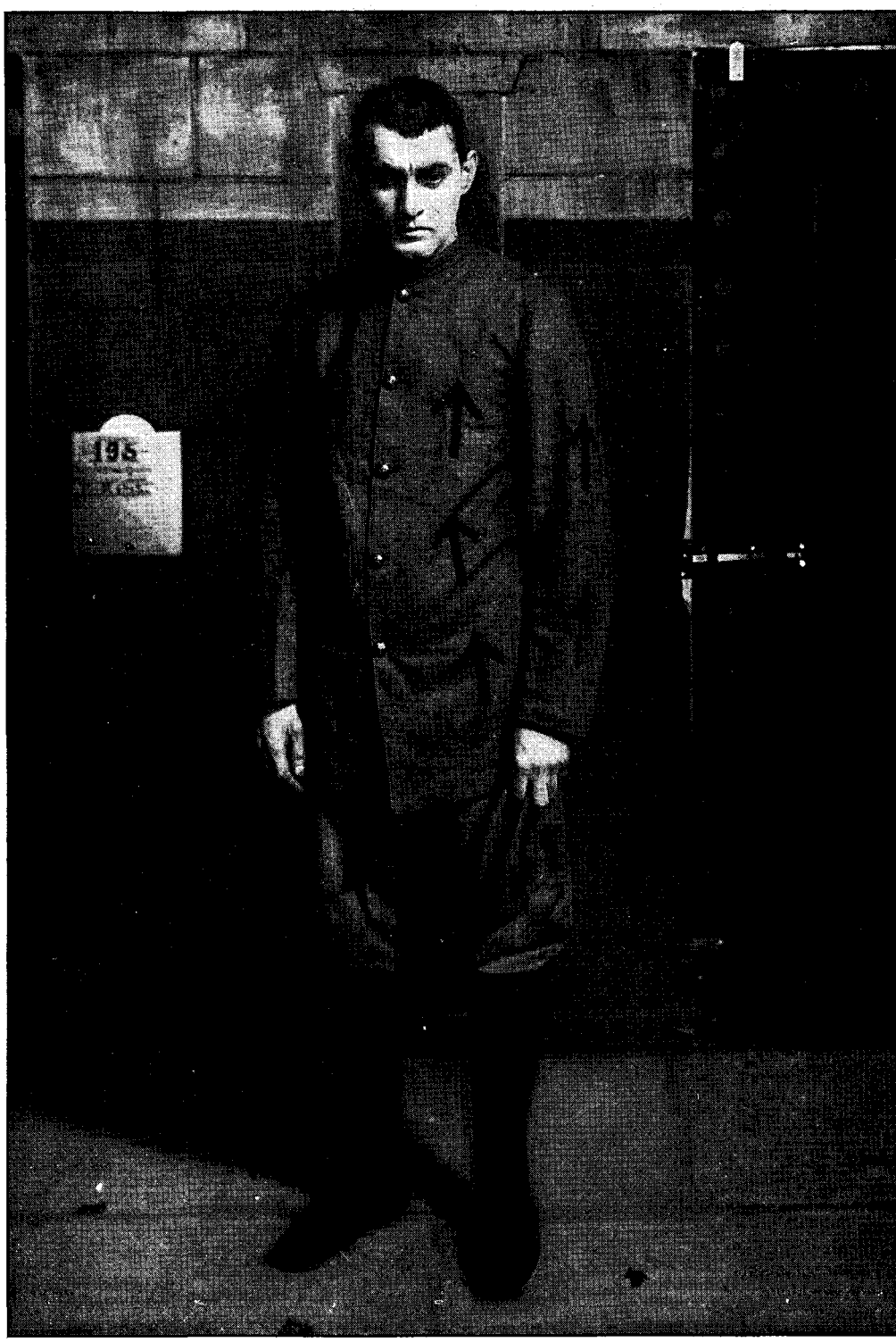

PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITE

JOHN BARRYMORE IN GALSWORTHY'S IMPRESSIVE PRISON PLAY, "JUSTICE"

See editorial pages for comment on this play and the lessons to be drawn from it

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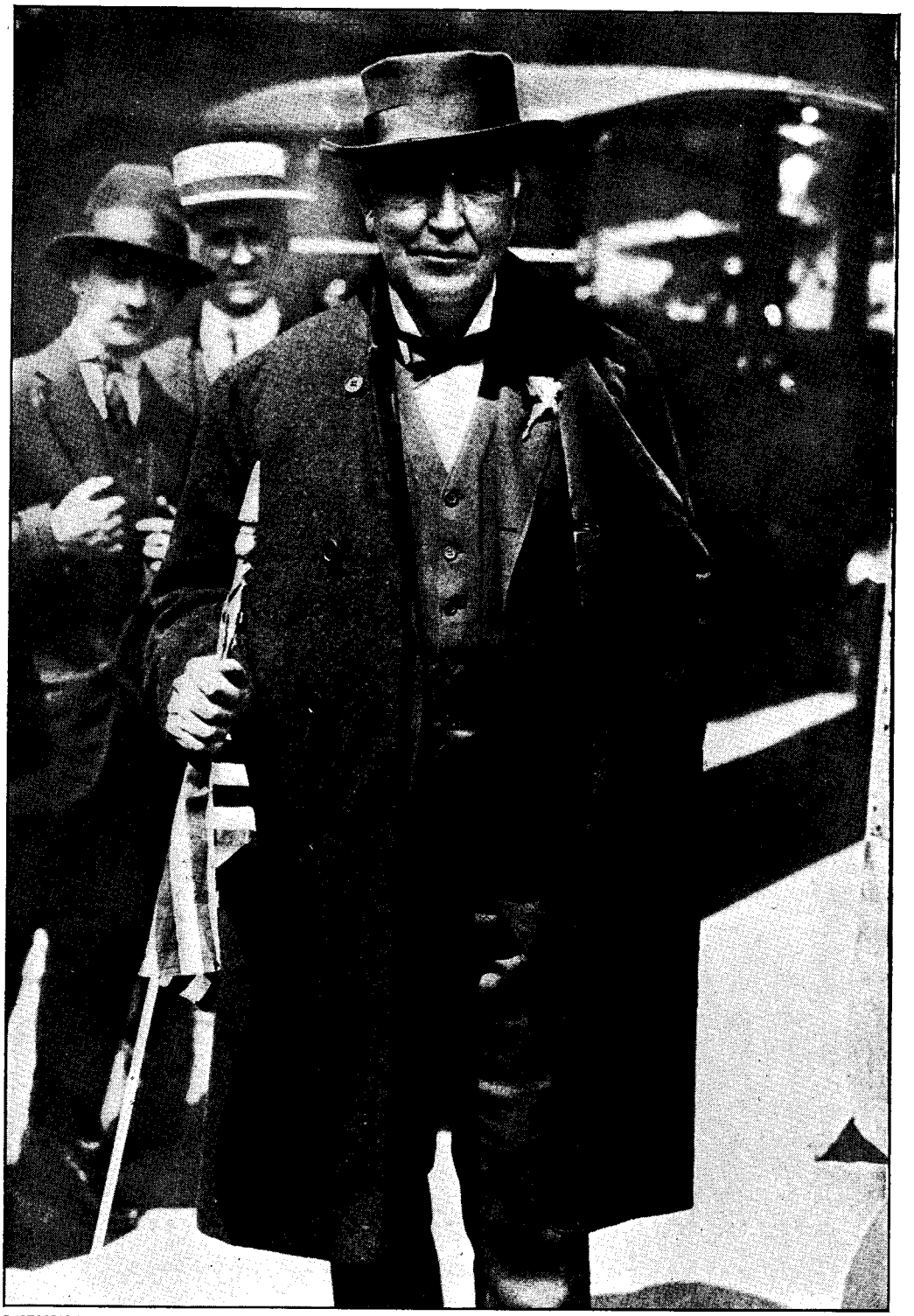

PHOTOGRAPH BY MEDEM PHOTO SERVICE

THOMAS A. EDISON IN THE PREPAREDNESS PARADE IN NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Edison marched with the other members of the Naval Consulting Board in the great procession on May 13. Probably no other man among the great host was so eagerly looked for by the spectators, and applause and cries of "Edison!" were frequent as he passed. Like his associates who marched with him, Mr. Edison gave the impression, with his unostentatious manners and costume, of being a thorough democrat (with a small d, for the great inventor is known to be a Progressive and a Republican in his sympathies as to the approaching political campaign)

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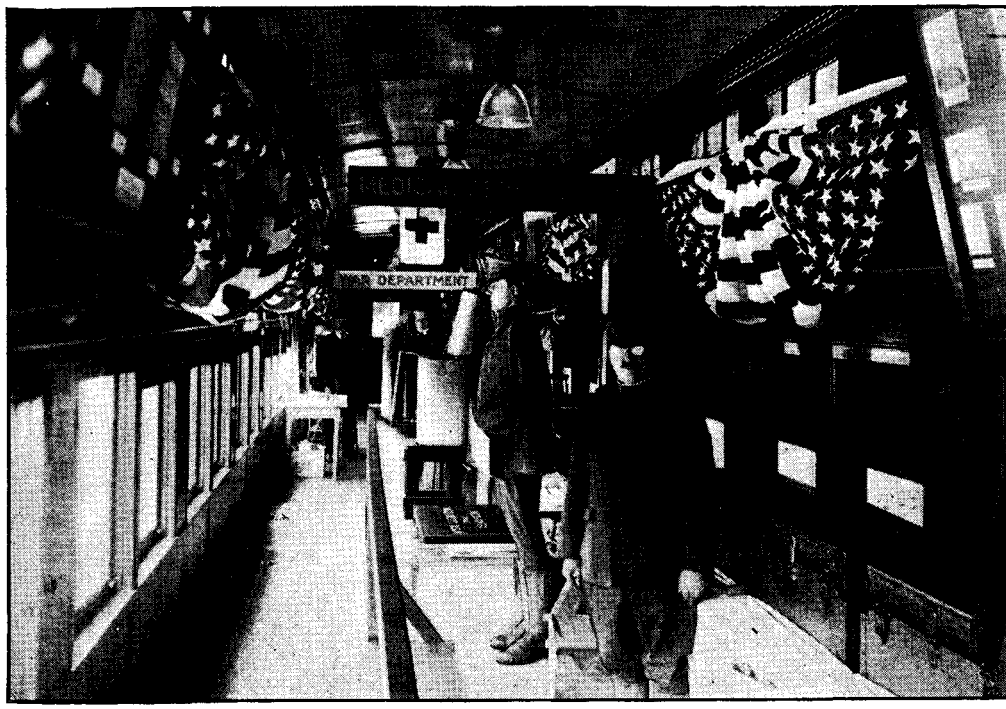

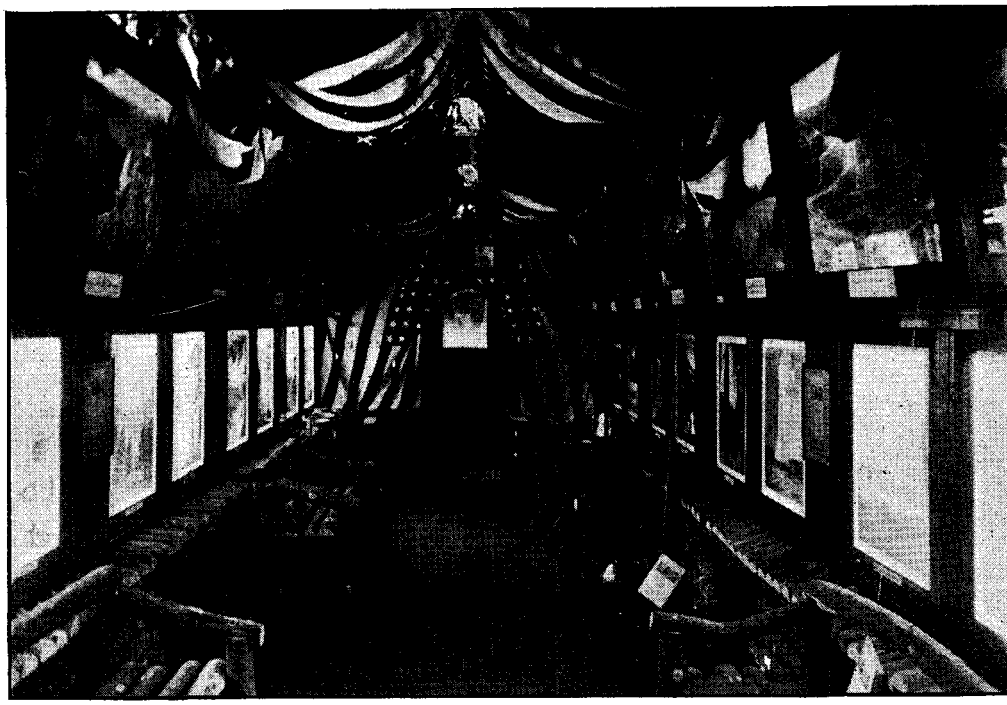

THE "SAFETY FIRST SPECIAL"

A railway train with exhibits designed to show the people something of the helpful work which the Government is doing in their behalf has recently started on its travels. It consists of twelve cars, the interiors of two of which are shown above—the "War Department" car (including the Army Medical Department) and the "National Parks Exhibit" car. For description of this enterprise see editorial pages

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A NOTABLE PAGEANT BY PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN ILLUSTRATING SHAKESPEARE'S TIMES

To honor Shakespeare's memory several of New York City's largest public schools united in presenting plays and pageants. The scene chosen for illustration shows Queen Elizabeth and her Court. See article entitled "The East Side's Tribute to Shakespeare"

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THE PRE-NOMINATION CAMPAIGN

THE NINE-DOLLAR SHOES—THE DOMINION OF FORD—SPRINGING TO THE BAT—ROOSEVELT'S TABLE TALK—TAIL-TWISTING IMPOTENCE—HENRY FORD AND HUCKLEBERRY FINN—"BORNED IN REPLEY"—THE LUNATIC FRINGE—THE FIGHTING FORTY-EIGHTERS—THE OLD GLORY REPUBLICAN AND THE FRIED-MEAT DEMOCRAT—POLITICAL NEURASTHENIA—WILSON AND LINCOLN—THE BORDERS OF HOOSIERDOM

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

I—ROOSEVELT AT DETROIT

THE atmosphere of the Middle West just now seems to be very generally that of high prosperity and superlative carelessness about National safety and honor on the part of the great body of the population. The Middle West never was so well off, both from the agricultural and the manufacturing standpoint. The other day in Dayton, Ohio, which is at present an important munitions center and where wages, even for women, are extraordinarily high, the editor of one of the great dailies told me that he walked home the night before with a prominent shoe merchant doing business across the street, and the merchant told him of a young factory girl who had come in late in the day to purchase four pairs of high-laced shoes at nine dollars a pair! In the great city of Cleveland, which is not without much civic pride, the enlistments for the National Guard and the regular army are proceeding listlessly and feebly, as, in fact, they seem to be all over the Union. Events in Europe and elsewhere in a topsy-turvy world appear no longer to appall or to invite serious reflection in the Middle West. In the midst of it all are here and there little groups of devoted and far-seeing National preparationists, who are attempting to arouse the people to think and to act in behalf of National discipline and the National welfare.

After two weeks of saturation in this sort of atmosphere I arrived at the city of Detroit on the morning of the 19th of May. It was American Day, and Roosevelt was the central figure. There is no better place in the United States to observe the reaction of vigorous patriotism upon thoughtless and carefree prosperity. Detroit has in many ways come to be the most wonderful city in the United States. The enormous growth and centralization there of the automobile industry of the country is creating and distributing wealth with almost unparalleled rapidity throughout a feverishly increasing population of now three-quarters of a million. The roar and rush of the city's life go on without ceasing from early morning until far into the night. Thirty-three thousand men silently and hurriedly come and go from the single Ford plant alone. A minimum wage of $2.75 a day, rising to $5, and even $8 in emergency, is the unrivaled lot of the workingman. The business leadership is young and burly and up to the minute. A bit of superb industrial vigor and efficiency, set in the midst of a country of rather dull political inertia and governmental and National inefficiency. On the surface, Detroit is naturally and politically a part of all this inefficiency, a province of the Dominion of Ford, with its fantastic peace ships and treaties without sanction and pacific political ostriches with heads in the sand.

And along comes Roosevelt. From the moment he arrived in the early morning until he departed in the early evening Detroit was alive with National feeling and instinct with the spirit of National devotion. The great automobile overseers—except Henry Ford—the business, professional, and political leaders, the workingmen, the women, the children, were welded into one by the message of National efficiency and patriotism which the man Roosevelt brought to them. I have never heard him when he spoke so well. I think that has been the general impression of the country. The wonderful social nature of Roosevelt showed itself at its best. That touch of primitive ferocity which he some-

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times reveals, and which so disturbs many gentle, courteous, and well-meaning citizens, was way in the background. To my mind, that touch of the primitive, which so many persons fear, is the making of Roosevelt. Without it his wonderful social nature and character would be without a sanction, and would be, on the whole, far less worth while to his country. It has been mighty useful in its place to the American people on more than one occasion, and has shaken more than one sinister foe of theirs in terror over the pit. But there was none of it in Detroit. There was only a simple, straightforward, sincere, and remarkably human and deep-sighted and noble appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the American people. If there is anybody in the United States who cares anything for his country who has not read it, he has missed a good deal. It won Detroit. So did the shorter addresses of the day.

The most delightful and illuminating side of Roosevelt is his table talk. So the most pleasing and trenchant portions of his public addresses are often extemporized interpolations and unpremeditated asides of the moment. In describing the effect of Henry Ford and his peace propagandism upon the politicians in Washington, he gleefully seconded Tom Reed in his view that the only thing he knew that was more frightened than one Congressman were two Congressmen. And this satirization of the pacifist: "If we remain helpless, we shall earn the good will of other nations. Don't offend anybody. Be helpless and everybody will like you. We have followed that course consistently in Mexico for some years, and peace still continues to rage with unabated violence." "When the war with Spain was through, it was through." "You are the boy that knows, Teddy," shouted a fervent working-class admirer. At one point in his main address a little woman in the gallery called out: "I have two sons, and I am ready to offer them for my country." And quickly as a flash he answered: "Madam, I will say that if all mothers of the country took your view, none of the sons of any mother would have to go to war." A little later he burst out: "Why don't we treat the big things of life at least as intelligently as we treat our sports? Suppose the manager of the Detroit baseball team should announce that there was no need to prepare in advance, that when the day for the first match came he could get any number of men from Detroit who would spring to the bat, what kind of a showing would the Detroits make? If he did that, his nearest relatives would put him in a lunatic asylum instead of confining him in public office."

At one o'clock there was a luncheon at the Athletic Club, at which five hundred of Detroit's business and political and social leaders sat down. Henry Ford was not there, but his chief lieutenants in the Ford organization were there. Hardly a man of mark in the city was missing. I was delighted with Hugh Chalmers, the President of the Club and of the great automobile corporation, who presided also at the feast—the picture of a vigorous, level-headed young business American who had fought his way up from the ranks but had never lost his poise nor his judgment of the world. His introduction of Roosevelt was a gem. "The time is overripe," said he, "for a rebirth of the patriotic spirit of men like Washington and Lincoln and Grant. In this generation we have lived so long in the lap of luxury that some have become blinded to the real ideals and the real spirit of American life. Monuments are never erected to men who have merely made money, but are dedicated to those who, through unselfish motives, have given heart and soul to the service of their country and of mankind. In every crisis our distinguished guest has shown himself to be first, last, and always an American, and I think more and more of us are coming to realize that he typifies the spirit to which we should all aspire, and a character so truly American that we should wish our sons to emulate it."

I think Roosevelt was at his best at the luncheon. He described the tradition of our foreign policy as that of "tail-twisting combined with impotence." He told of his experience of twenty years ago in seeking to build up the navy, and his day with the naval militia of Ohio. It seems that this naval contingent had formerly been a cavalry organization, the nearest approach that he ever saw, so Mr. Roosevelt assured us, to the "horse marines." There was a rivalry as to who should command, one officer claiming to hold the earlier dated commission, and another the higher social position in the community. And so one had been in the habit of commanding on one day, and the other on the next. Roosevelt made them a little speech in which he tried to make it clear to them that the

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custom of having captains changed upon alternate days had gone out of vogue in the Second Punic War, and that it was unwise to revive it! And since the quarrels between the patricians and the plebeians in Rome it had been customary to regard seniority in rank rather than pedigree!

The former Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the Roosevelt Administration, Truman H. Newberry, of Detroit, who served in a subordinate capacity on an auxiliary cruiser during the Spanish War, sat next to Mr. Roosevelt at luncheon. And Mr. Roosevelt told this story about him. When the cruiser finally came back into the harbor of New York and was at anchor, Newberry and one or two others were squeegeeing the decks, swabbing them clean. A very fine yacht approached pretty close to the cruiser, and the captain of the cruiser, who was striding round the deck with some hauteur, announced more or less involuntarily to the circumambient atmosphere that he would like to know what craft that was. And Newberry, touching his cap respectfully, answered: "The Dawn, sir." "How do you know?" roared the captain. "I own her, sir," said Newberry. The glory of the leadership of Roosevelt is that everything he touches is instinct with democracy. And that great group of five hundred Detroit business and social leaders felt it throb in them as he talked to them. And the thing that impressed me most as I moved among them was this, that if they had 1912 to live over again they would at least accept a great part of the social programme of Roosevelt gladly. They and large numbers of business men like them all over America see now that he was just a step ahead of them, that what he was after then they are after now, because it is best for them, for their children, for their business, and for their country. They are getting their eyes opened to see that what Roosevelt was really against then and wished to provide against for the future was, as he told them at the luncheon, the mean arrogance of one class and the mean envy of another, which, though shown by different men, are only opposite poles of the same thing.

The effect of the day upon the brain and conscience of Detroit was, I think, to emphasize profoundly the idea that private industrial efficiency and discipline, such as Detroit has in abundant measure, is essentially inconsistent with National shiftlessness and pacifism. Henry Ford is measurably right in his influence under the roof of his own factory and wrong in his influence upon the Nation, dangerously wrong in the application of a soporific, impracticable, and unintelligent philosophy to the great public concerns of the American people.

In Detroit the other day, not only two doctrines but two extraordinarily diverse personalities were brought into close proximity before the National mind—Henry Ford and Theodore Roosevelt. The one a narrow business genius who under his own industrial roof has established efficiency and organization in high degree and is teaching the country a lesson in economic and social betterment, but a man with the most serious intellectual limitations and a fatal lack of experience of the world. Henry Ford, it seems to me, has in many ways the mind of a child. His distressingly naïve intimations about art and education and history would do credit to Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn. Mr. Ford is credibly reported to have averred that he would not give two cents for all the art in the world; that a college education is of no value, that he had none and his son would have none; and that as for history, it did not interest him—he was concerned with the things of to-day and to-morrow. Unfortunately, I never read "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" until my recent trip, when my little son put the volumes into my bag with the admonition that he thought it would do me good to read them. Huckleberry Finn reminds me so much of Henry Ford, in a way. He has quite Ford's view of history. You remember Huckleberry was very much interested in Moses until he found out that he was dead, and then he had no further use for him at all. That is Ford's view of history and experience. He has the world mind of a child. And Roosevelt has the world experience and the world view of a man.

It is a pity that, as a result of a hostile press and of hostile human prejudice and of hostile selfishness in high places, it should be necessary for Roosevelt to begin the education of his countrymen in a grave crisis like this almost *de novo*, without at least a considerable part of that cumulative influence and power which of right belong to him. And the pity of it is, too, that now for nearly eighteen months he has had to furnish the major part of the leadership—with the exception of the remarkable speech of Mr. Root—which has been furnished to the cause of the Nation.

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Even Lincoln had great predecessors and comrades in the struggles of his time. This particular fight has been a brave and lonely one for Roosevelt. But he will have plenty of helpers now in the city of Detroit.

Detroit, Michigan.

II—POLITICAL THINKING IN THE MIDDLE WEST

AN impartial and observing acquaintance of mine in Nebraska, whose judgment I have learned to respect, tells me that in that commonwealth, made famous by Bryan and many other unusual phenomena, there is a greater apathy and carelessness in the mind of the general public than has existed for twenty years. And he invites my attention to a remarkable episode in connection with the recent Nebraska primary which has escaped general attention. The unmasking of the substance of the matter is made in a recent leading editorial in the "World-Herald" of Omaha. It is well known that Henry Ford came within a hair's-breadth of carrying the Republican primary because of the Nebraska farmers' opposition to war preparation and the Nebraska working classes' approval of Mr. Ford's "altruistic" views and practices, notably his five-dollar-per-day wage. But there was another candidate for the Presidency in the primaries who polled more votes than Justice Hughes—one Robert Ross, of Lexington, Nebraska, who makes an honest living by running a livery stable. This year, as he did four years ago, he filed his petitions for the Presidency and obtained a place upon both the Republican and Democratic ballots. His vote is reported to be between fifteen and twenty thousand, about one-half in the Republican and one-half in the Democratic column. A citizen of Wayne, Nebraska, marking the size of the Ross vote, wrote to the candidate soon after the primaries in order to learn something of his views on public questions, and to obtain an estimate of his qualifications. The following letter is alleged by the editorial in the "World-Herald" to be an exact copy of the reply received:

Lexington Neb April 24 1916 Wayne Neb Mr W L Gaston Dear sir your card received and will say that i was Borned in Repley Ohio. My parents moved from there when I was 2 years old to Cattettsburg, K Y was educated there and at Portsmouth Ohio, and raised as a Methodist of which my parents was when about 17 cane to nebraska Lexington Dawson Co about 31 years ago was on ranches and later a farmer fo about 25 years different things a short time in the above mentioned was a Member of vangelical Church in early days and now amember of Presbyterian here in Lexington Neb for about 9 years. have never taken a drink of Liquor nor my Father eather since i was old enough to know till he died you you preachers ought to get Busy and give the Delegates to under stand what your intention is if they nominated a man of Whiskey type or one going it tou faced as some of them is very truly—Robert G Ross Lexington Neb

About ten per cent of the Republicans and Democrats in Nebraska, who had interest enough to declare any expression of opinion, expressed it for Ross. And they had Wilson, Cummins, Ford, Hughes, and Roosevelt to choose from. Nobody knew whether Ross had any views or any qualifications, and nobody cared. Everybody knew that Ford had no qualifications, and that he himself regarded his candidacy as a joke, but nobody cared. And this in a State that has practically no illiteracy, and is more than ordinarily intelligent, contented, and prosperous! And this at one of the most critical turning-points in the history of the Republic! As for the Vice-Presidency, not more than one-half of those who voted took the trouble to express themselves on it at all! And several thousand of these voted for a lawyer named William Grant Webster, almost totally unknown and a resident of Chicago. If that sort of thing keeps on in Nebraska, the lunatic fringe will be wider than the carpet.

While I have been for the last fortnight in various States in the Middle West, I have tried to find out what the people were thinking about, and it has come to resolve itself into the question whether great numbers of them are thinking at all, and if they are thinking in anything except the terms of their interests and their prejudices. I saw a good deal of Indiana, for example. Everywhere there was a saving remnant. In communities where there has been free discussion there was much serious purpose and earnest conviction. But I talked with many leaders of public opinion who were more than dis-

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quieted. In Indianapolis there is a magnificent National monument to the two or three hundred thousand volunteers who went to the front in the war for the Union. But so flabby and listless has the population in that city become in matters of National discipline that it has been practically impossible to keep up a crack battery which twenty years ago was the pride of the State. Eleven out of the thirteen Representatives of Indiana in the House voted stubbornly for the "little army" plan and against any real Federal force. And it was generally believed in Indiana that they were moved, not by what is best for the country, but by what is best for certain political leaders of the State militia.

There are in Indiana, and particularly in Indianapolis, many Germans, not of the later Milwaukee period of migration, but the sons and grandsons of the Forty-eighters in Germany, whose grandfathers at least left Germany inspired by the very political ideals which have been the constitutional heritage, if not at all times the possession, of America. These Germans in Indiana have been reasonably quiet, but there is deep feeling among them, and there are great social organizations, like the Turn Verein, the Männerchor, and the German Haus, which have been seething with resentment against the attitude of the Wilson Administration and against the more outspoken of the pro-Ally supporters. There was a fierce outburst between the German and the American sympathizers at the University Club in Indianapolis on the day when the news flashed in of the sinking of the Lusitania. Finally, the leadership of public opinion against the German view was voiced in a remarkable paper read before the Indianapolis Literary Club upon "The Germans in America," by Lucius B. Swift, of the Indianapolis bar. Mr. Swift has been a keen critic of public affairs and an intelligent leader of public opinion for many years in Indiana. Before he was sixteen years of age he tried to enlist in the army of the Civil War, and when he was refused he tagged along after the army until he slipped into its organization, and served four years in the ranks. He has always been a foe of the spoils system. Away back in Roosevelt's Civil Service Commission days his wife and he received Roosevelt in a little two-room apartment upstairs in Indianapolis, and his wife cooked the luncheon for the future President of the United States. He has grown to be very greatly respected, although stand-pat Indiana has by no means always agreed with him. His address upon "The Germans in America" has been widely circulated in the Middle West. The eloquence and the power of it can be judged by two short paragraphs:

> That Germans in America, legally American citizens, bound, as most of them are, by the closest ties of relationship with Germans in Germany, should love the people of Germany is entirely commendable and to be respected. That they should feel the deepest anguish on account of differences between this country and Germany can be understood. But when they go further, as the majority of them do, and desire the success of the military autocracy which brought on this war, they are joining in a movement to block the progress of civil liberty in the world. . . .
>
> When an American looks upon his political history, extending from the German tribes in England, in whose assembly no man dictated, to Abraham Lincoln standing upon the field of Gettysburg pledging the Nation to the defense of government by the people, that American is looking upon a mighty heritage. This heritage is not for the Anglo-Saxon alone; it is for all who come and accept it. It is for the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jew, the Russian, the Pole, and the Hungarian, as well as the German. But there must be no divided allegiance; no attempt to blend American political ideals with Old World political ideals which have been the mortal enemies of civil liberty since the world was. Americans will make it their work to preserve their heritage. The struggle which shakes the world to-day is the old struggle of democracy against autocracy. That is how England is fighting our battle. Americans can sympathize with only one side in that struggle, and that is the side which is in unison with their whole history. If that side wins, the German people will come out of the darkness in which they now live, and, with all their virtues, abilities, and means of happiness, success, and prosperity, will stand side by side with us in the broad sunlight of liberty.

The effect of the address upon his own comfort and fortunes in Indianapolis has been unhappy, and he has been forsaken by former German clients. As a result, the other night in Indianapolis one hundred of the choicest men of the city sat down with him at a testimonial banquet in his honor. He would consent to attend only because the assembly was willing to pass a strong resolution of commendation of the position he had taken.

This and similar incidents in the Middle West have aroused thoughtful men to feel that there is something radically wrong. Has America lost her power of assimilation, or

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did she never have it? I had been told that the Germans of Cincinnati and Indianapolis, the descendants of the old fighting Forty-eighters, felt differently about things now happening than the later immigration of Milwaukee. I have not been able to detect any difference. And I think there is only one permanent cure, and that is to give the Germans and all of our foreign-born citizens very soon a Government abundantly worth glorying in and abundantly worth respecting.

One thing is clear to me from the investigation of this center of old-time American democracy. The movement toward National discipline and preparation, which is every day becoming more certain as the chief Presidential issue, is not this time coming up from the grass roots. Even the Western farmers seem back temporarily into the Old Glory Republican and the fried-meat Democrat class. Opposed to change! And as for the laboring class in the Middle West, it never received such high wages and was never so prosperous. It is reflecting not so much upon the country as upon creature comfort.

The movement for National discipline and preparation is not yet a popular movement; but so far as it exists at all, the movement is one of the better financial and political leaders, particularly of the business and professional classes. Perhaps it is partly the result of the long twenty years of agitation in the United States. The public mind out here appears just now to be suffering from political neurasthenia. There is a lethargy of the democratic spirit which is by no means past awakening—Roosevelt in Chicago has shown that—but it must be awakened by a process of education as far-reaching as that of the campaign of 1896. And it must be an appeal to democracy and the National conscience. Wall Street—not munitions Wall Street, but sound, patriotic Wall Street, which marched up Fifth Avenue as a part of one of the most imposing democratic parades in history—has an unusual opportunity to square itself with the past and with the future by organizing and financing the greatest campaign of education which the country has ever known. But let Wall Street beware that it does not play into the hands of mere political mediocrity or piffling Bourbon cunning!

And now to revert to the politics of the campaign. Whoever thinks that President Wilson has not a great following in the Middle West has other guesses coming. The movement for complete National discipline and preparation which is voiced by Roosevelt is potentially strong and can be brought, I believe, with proper handling, to high fulfillment. But it is easy to uncover a volume of testimony favorable to the Wilson point of view of keeping away from war if possible, on the ground that war is the greatest calamity which can befall a nation. There is a strong feeling among the Democrats of the Middle West that Wilson in history is to stand for the patience and persistence of Lincoln. I found kind old Governor Ralston, of Indiana, of this mind when I talked with him. He called my attention to the view he had expressed a few days before the State convention of his party that, "whether you view President Wilson as he stands in the full stature of his manhood debating the world problems of the day or contemplate him on his knees petitioning God for guidance, he is easily the most colossal figure of our times." And what the Governor said about Mexico is the prevailing Democratic view in the Middle West, although some demur. "Those Americans who went to that country for the purpose of money-making knew all about it before they went," said the Governor. "They took a long shot for a big profit, and they ought to have known that this Nation would be slow to be drawn into a foreign war because of the threatened loss of a few exploiting American capitalists. I would not give one American boy, on whose arm a broken mother leans, for all the greasers south of the Rio Grande nor for all the gold Americans might amass from Mexican speculation."

The Taggart machine in Indiana is solid for Wilson. United States Senator Taggart is now a great figure in his commonwealth. He is an able, amiable citizen who does not pretend to be largely informed upon National and international affairs, but who is pretty generally liked. Labor is with him. Rightly or wrongly, he has established himself personally as an unselfish man in the political field. A rare bird, so rare that the folks out this way like it. The other day, in what Mr. Barnes would call the "State *Con*-vention," the enthusiasm for Taggart when he was nominated for United States Senator, against his declared wish, nearly took the roof off. Taggart, of course, has the faults as well as the virtues of the strong and very human political leader of the old type. The affiliations of the Taggart element are with the powerful

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brewery interests; and in the county in which French Lick flourishes, the law is the law of the Democratic machine. The Progressive revolt threw the State into Taggart's hands, and he now is the greatest center of power within the borders of Hoosierdom. But the future of Indiana is not with Taggart, but with the young, clean element of the Fairbanks organization, joining with the young, clean element of the recent Progressive organization.

The anti-Taggart reformers in Indiana, who were for Wilson at Baltimore long before Taggart came around, have had short shrift from the Wilson Administration. It was in Indianapolis while he was being entertained by Taggart that the President made a speech which some out here have designated as "atrocious" and some as immensely politic and wise, but which gave the impression to the country that Mr. Wilson intended to think of himself first as the premier of his party organization rather than as President of the whole people. Anyway, he has acted with Taggart, and Taggart is king. All of which has made far less likely in the future anti-Taggart or anti-Murphy movements within the Democratic party. A lot of young Democratic reformers in the United States have been taught the value of "regularity" and "safety first."

On the Republican side I do not believe that there is a single case where there is the slightest widespread conviction that any Western favorite will be nominated for the Presidency. Everybody is actually looking towards New York. But just as in issues, so in candidates, the public mind has not been aroused to positive conviction. Root, Hughes, and Roosevelt, all have positive strength with some of the thoughtful leaders of politics and public opinion in the Middle West, but the great body of voters remains largely unmoved, and conviction about the coming political choice has not sunk deeply into the mass. In northern Illinois and many other spots Roosevelt has developed a natural positive popular strength; and nobody in the Middle West objects to Hughes, but there is no widespread enthusiasm among the rank and file for him or anybody else. People out here do not seem to look upon Hughes as a Judge. The arguments about taking him off the Court have no force with them. They remember him for what he did as Governor of the State of New York, as a man who had courage and fighting power and broad sanity and the right kind of independence.

Nominating Republican candidates has degenerated this year to a game of political psychology. The primaries have given no sign. The people have shown little interest. The stock of the leading candidates has been "bulled" and "beared" above and below par by the most trivial circumstances. So far as the voters demand anything, they demand a candidate of pre-eminent strength, a party fit to rule, and a Government worth living under and dying for. Will they get it? The democracy of the Middle West is not yet very anxious about it one way or the other.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE NATIONS AT WAR

ITALY AND THE WAR

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

TO realize what Italy has done in this war a trip to the theater of operations is necessary, for the mere recital of the exploits of her Alpini and the description of her mountain peaks and valley passes can never give the idea of definite accomplishment that a visit to the spot inspires. The sight of the vast fortresses nature has erected in the north of Italy, with their summits at this season covered with a mantle of five to ten meters of snow, is inspiring to a degree; and to know that these summits are occupied by gallant troops, some of whom come from the eternal sunshine of Naples and Sicily and yet bear cheerfully the rigor of an Alpine winter, to see artillery that has been transported to these heights, to know that to capture a neighboring top means often a descent of one thousand meters with a like or even greater climb in the face of deadly artillery fire, gives one an idea of the magnitude of Italy's task and the capable manner with which she has accomplished it under the guidance of the enlight-

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ened chief who now commands her armies, General Cadorna.

When Italy went to war with Austria, she was hardly prepared for a serious struggle. She had very little field artillery and next to no heavy guns. Her valleys leading up into the mountains were devoid of trenches or fortresses and were tempting baits to the Austrian forces which a rapid movement would have brought down to the plains of Lombardy, when Venetia and the richest country in Europe would have been at their mercy. Italy would have been forced to mass her troops behind the Po and the Adige and at Brescia in front of Milan, and would have risked having her front broken and the richest part of the peninsula falling under the domination of her hereditary enemies.

With a full comprehension of the danger of the situation, General Cadorna rushed his troops forward on the declaration of war and seized such peaks and ridges as commanded the entrance of the valleys which reach down to the plains of Lombardy. These were rapidly fortified, held at all cost, sometimes at the price of fearful sacrifices, and consolidated until the time when, artillery becoming more plentiful and communication easier, they could be made impregnable against the enemy. To do this, General Cadorna employed tried lieutenants, like General Leguio, whose reputation for mountain work was acquired before the war, and others of equal experience, and, while the Alpini and other devoted troops held the peaks and ridges at the old frontiers of Italy, a work of reorganization was undertaken in the rear that has never been equaled by any other army or any other people. We admire the Romans for their strategic roads over Europe, but what shall we say of a people who have constructed broad roads for artillery to summits to attain which Alpine climbers had to crawl roped together; who have lined their frontier up and down hill over mountains and valleys with cement trenches that are real fortresses which can defy the heaviest Austrian guns that can be brought to bear on them, and which extend from the Swiss frontier to the Adriatic; who have organized a commissariat service which has never been equaled; who have built all over the precipices that abound in their mountains trolley lines to carry *hot* food to the detachments that are holding inaccessible summits; who have carved caverns out of mountain-tops to screen their guns and batteries; and who have organized hospitals at the very front equipped with every necessity for the wounded that are second to none in Europe in completeness and efficiency?

All this has been done in ten months of war, holding the enemy in the meantime in the mountains or directing fierce attacks against him, as on the Carso, gaining continually considerable territory and threatening most effectually his stronghold and central cities. One must bear in mind that Italy, of all the Allies on the Continent, is the only one fighting on the enemy's territory—not a foot of Italian soil being occupied by Austria. She began the war unprepared, as did all the others, but she has not lost her time. With that energy and laboriousness that typifies the Italian race, she has gone to work with remarkable thoroughness and has made strides in a year that are inconceivable. The troops in repose that are brought back from the front are lodged in barracks that are a model of comfort and compactness. Their morale is closely watched by their commanding officers, and never were seen more cheerful or happier soldiers than those in repose back of the lines of the Isonzo. The whole zone back of the Carso is a beehive of busy laborers building up and organizing, so that the day when Italy's leaders determine to advance there will be a substantial background to support and nourish her troops on the line, so that the reserves will be equipped and lodged as are no other troops in this war, so that they may not lose any of that splendid spirit of Italian unity that has been one of the most precious products of the war in wiping out all territorial jealousies, and making all the soldiers Italians united for their country's good, and not Florentines, Neapolitans, or Sicilians fighting for local supremacy over each other.

The men who are leading Italy in this new Renaissance are, first of all, the King, who saw from the first that the moment had come when Italy must strike for her national aspirations or that the dynasty would fall in the ruin of her hopes, and General Cadorna, the commander-in-chief, who has the fullest confidence of his sovereign. To General Cadorna belong the distinction and honor of having by his foresight reorganized the Italian army after the Abyssinian and Libyan wars, and having prepared the splendid fighting machine that Italy has to-day. General Cadorna is a small man of about sixty-three years of age, quick, alert, with brilliant eyes,

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a mobile face changing with every mood in expression, adored by his officers and subordinates, and equally feared by them all. He is thoroughness and efficiency personified, and is constantly visiting different points on the front, seeing for himself that the miracle of organization which he has started is being properly carried out. He has great personal charm and a way of putting one instantly at ease. His eyes are kindly, and his manner gracious and full of that Italian simplicity that is the great charm of the race. He is ably seconded by General Porro, his chief of staff, an energetic man, a few years the junior of his chief, into whose capable hands the delicate negotiations with the Allies have been up to now entirely confided.

Signor Salandra, the President of the Council, and Signor Sonnino, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the two men who are directing Italy's political destinies, are entirely in accord with the King and General Cadorna in their views on Italy's future development, and under their guidance she will play a great part in solving the intricate problems that will develop after the war and in the settlement of European stability. The public men of Italy recognize that the psychological moment has arrived, and that if she is ready, in close coordination with the Allies, to bear the full burden of her share in crushing the world-menace of Teuton domination, the rewards for her action will be far greater than were ever dreamed of by any of the founders of Italian unity, and that, should she fail, she will never be able to obtain the fruit of victory that the triumphant Allies will divide. They know full well that there is but a single front, to use the expression of Aristide Briand, and that whatever happens on that front affects all the Allies equally. The moment is coming when Italy will be called on to bear the full burden of her share, and her careful preparations and painstaking efforts show that she is conscious of what will come and is ready for it. Whether Germany decides to count Italy among her enemies or not will not alter the issues; and the fact that the shortest way to Vienna is through northern Italy, and that a blow at the weakest member of the Central Empires may some day be among the Allies' designs, remains a contingency that may become a probability. Italy will be ready. She has tightened her belt and strained every nerve to reach a state of preparedness that is an honor to her foreseeing statesmen and generals; and as in the war, so in peace, Italy will have to be reckoned with as a great economic force with powers of development undreamed of by those who do not consider her wonderful progress in the last thirty years, and the inherent qualities of organization in the race.

CHARLES CARROLL
Paris, March 23, 1916. of Carrollton.

BRANDEIS

BY WILLIAM HARD

AS a reporter, I have followed Mr. Brandeis's career for a long time, and I have just emerged from going through the testimony against him at Washington, and I am moved once more to admire and to execrate the skill with which life sometimes seizes upon a man's best quality as the very instrument with which to endeavor to compass his ruin.

Here is a man who, almost as if his mother had taken him as a child to the Temple of Justice and had dedicated him to its singular service, has spent his life trying, above all things else, to cultivate in himself the power and the habit of thinking impartially, independently, judicially—so much so that an amazingly large part of his practice as a contentious advocate at the bar has not been contentious at all, but has consisted either of giving impartial business advice to business clients about their own business affairs or else of actually serving as a sort of arbitrator between conflicting business interests—as a sort, that is, of private judge. Yet he now finds that certain things which he never could have done if he had not been impelled to them by the excessive judicialness of his temperament are the very things which in the mouths of his adversaries are the chief charges brought against him to prove his "unfitness" for a public United States Supreme Court judgeship.

If Mr. Brandeis should ever wish to compose the world's best essay on irony,

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all he would need to do would be to call in his stenographer and dictate his autobiography.

It is impossible to understand him at all without first understanding his passion for independence of thought. People knew well, for instance, that in his mode of living he is simple, modest, almost ascetic. But why did he adopt that mode? Why, trivially but revealingly, has he no motor cars, and why has he no town house and no country house in the measure of the income of a leader of the bar?

It is because long ago he perceived that simplicity is one of the straightest roads to independence, not of purse only, but of thought as well. He came early to a practice, for a young man, large and profitable. He found himself living, for a young man of those times, amply. He determined, and his household concurred, that he would continue to live to the end just as he was living then. To that determination he has adhered. He will be buried out of a house no grander than the one he had when he was, by comparison, poor.

The money saved has meant little. It has meant nothing. He could have earned it, for every extravagant year, in a month of excess work. What has meant much, what has meant everything, is that all thoughts of money have been left behind. In all the times I have seen him I have never heard him even mention money, except once when he told me that in his father's home no child was allowed to mention it. His mind has been left free. The man Brandeis has been left free.

His clients—business men—have repeatedly, continuously, urged him to put money into their going, fighting, winning enterprises. They have wanted him, quite naturally, to feel united with them. He has always refused. He is less natural than they. I admit it. I have never had with Mr. Brandeis the cozy comfort one can really have only with a man who could be a fellow-criminal. He could not be. He has always told his clients that if he entered into their enterprises he would not be able to advise them coolly and impartially, and so discerningly and wisely. Such a man should not be appointed to the bench. He should be condemned to it.

Instead of putting his money into enterprises which were going and fighting and winning—winning profits sometimes large and sometimes small, demanding therefore daily worry—Mr. Brandeis has put his money into established secure investments, yielding returns which his office force could collect every three or six or twelve months and which he himself could otherwise forget.

There was a meeting once in Boston, a "radical" meeting, at which a certain distinguished business man was to speak. He did not come. He had to break his promise. He found that if he came his business entanglements would choke him. Mr. Brandeis, attorney for rich men, came and spoke. For him business entanglements did not exist. His freedom from them is not a revolt. It is merely a fact.

He is not to be too much praised for it. Only a very successful man could hold business at so distant an arm's length. Still, not even a very successful man could hold it there unless he had kept his own desires, his personal financial desires and habits, in check. Mr. Brandeis has so kept them. His first triumph was a triumph over himself. Becoming independent of himself, he could then become independent of the world. On those two independences together he built the impartiality I began by mentioning.

It has hurt him very much, with the radicals as well as with the conservatives. In New Hampshire in 1911 there was a struggle between the State Government and the local dominant railway—the Boston and Maine. In apparent violation of its charter, the railway had raised certain of its rates. The radicals were determined to compel it to reduce those rates to their former level at once. The Legislature sought advice as to ways and means from a committee; and this committee in turn sought advice from Mr. Brandeis.

Then and there Mr. Brandeis committed one of his habitual perfidies. Instead of sticking to his own side, to the anti-railway side, to the side on which he had been fixed by popular applause and by popular expectation, he went over to the other side and handed down a pro-railway decision. He found, as a fact, that it was very doubtful whether or not the Boston and Maine could reduce its rates without serious injury to its service, and so to New Hampshire. He therefore advised the committee to take no action whatsoever till after an inquiry full and conclusive.

It was treason. The radicals said so.

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Their rage was as the rage which even now burns in the bosoms of Senator Cummins and of Senator Works. Both those statesmen begin their reports against the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis to the Supreme Court by dwelling on Mr. Brandeis's crowning perfidy consummated before the Inter-State Commerce Commission in 1914. Acting as attorney for the Commission, as attorney for "the public," Mr. Brandeis said that the net income of certain railways was too small! It was a "betrayal," according to Senator Cummins, and a violation of "common morality."

I shall now prove that Senator Cummins, if he continues to think as he is thinking at present (which I hope and trust he will not) is totally unfit to be ever appointed to the Supreme Court bench. Senator Cummins says that Mr. Brandeis should have remembered that he was attorney for "the public." He should have remembered, that is, that he was attorney for the persons who ship goods on railways. Persons who ship goods on railways, according to Senator Cummins, are "the public." Persons who own and operate railways are not "the public." I do not at present know what they are. But they are not "the public." Mr. Brandeis, employed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, employed by the United States Government, if he discovered a fact favorable to the persons who own and operate railways, should have suppressed it. He should have remembered his client, "the public," the shippers. Shippers are Senator Cummins's people of the United States; and any man who thus makes himself the blind servant of any one class or group in the American commonwealth is not fit to be a judge in the American Supreme Court.

Mr. Brandeis, whatever else may be said about him, has never been mastered by any class or group whatsoever. Let it call itself "vested rights." Let it call itself "labor." Let it call itself "the public." Let it even call itself "the people." Mr. Brandeis's decision cannot be predicted. The thing I like best about him is that I have never seen him kiss "the people's" toe. When he was called to New York to settle the garment trades strike, he refused to countenance the "closed shop." I was surprised. I did not know him well then, and I thought he would go with the tide of "democratic" and "radical" opinion. He did not.

The fact is that Mr. Brandeis is prevented from being a mere "democratic" or "radical" tide-rider by a force even stronger than his constant pet fad for training himself to think independently—namely, his great business experience. Mr. Brandeis is a business man's lawyer. He is a business man's business lawyer. He is even, with no law brought into it at all, a business man's business analyzer and adviser.

Business men come to him and lay new business projects before him and ask him whether he thinks those projects will pay, and whether he would advise them personally, in view of their other business relationships, to go in or to stay out. These men find nothing "theoretical" in Mr. Brandeis and nothing "untrustworthy." They ask him not only to guide their investments but to settle their disputes. Two of his clients, having determined to go into a certain enterprise together, were unable, nevertheless, to agree on the money terms. It seemed perfectly natural to them to go to Mr. Brandeis, as they did, and ask him to study both sides and to write those terms all by himself on their joint behalf.

Such tasks—the giving of business advice and the adjusting of business differences—became, in a way, Mr. Brandeis's specialty. They indicate his reputation for business wisdom as well as for even-handedness, and they indicate also the reason why, when he was called to New York to settle the garment trades strike, he was called by both sides, by employers and employees alike.

The really puzzling question is, "How did labor ever come to know and trust this business man's business lawyer?"

Once there was a shoe manufacturer who was very good both at manufacturing and at making money and who was a client of Mr. Brandeis's. He began to have trouble with his employees, and he came to Mr. Brandeis about it. Mr. Brandeis then knew little about labor. He had begun his active life with no labor beliefs—in fact, with no beliefs in any way industrial. The end of life for him was books, pictures, music, culture. He loved Boston because he found culture there. The first time I ever saw him he would do little but quote Heine. The last time I saw him he was explaining Senator Cummins out of Euripides and paid no attention to my explanation of Senator Cummins out of Iowa, where people do a great deal in the way of shipping goods, but not much in the way of owning railways. Mr. Brandeis was first of

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all a lover of the arts. Yet it was perhaps indeed through loving them, through loving them truly, that he moved so fast toward that willingness to come to grips with all reality which all the arts, truly practiced, forever reveal and teach. At any rate, it was to a man bent rather on culture than on sociology that the strike-threatened shoe manufacturer made his visit.

The two men talked, and Mr. Brandeis demanded a third man, the leader of the union. He was called and came. The second conference began. The shoe manufacturer narrated and argued first. The leader of the union narrated and argued in reply, and then drew himself up taut to receive Mr. Brandeis's rejoinder. Mr. Brandeis turned to his client and said, "Why, that man is right!"

It was a rejoinder that led to a great labor reform in a shoe factory. It was a rejoinder that could have been made only by a man whose clients were genuinely clients, seeking him for ideas, and not employers dictating his ideas to him and giving him his mental marching orders.

If now we combine Mr. Brandeis's independence of mind in his attitude toward public questions with his independence of mind in his attitude toward his clients, we shall have the man who could do what Mr. Brandeis did in the matter of the United Shoe Machinery Company. It is the most important matter alleged against him at Washington to-day.

Mr. Brandeis represented certain interests in the shoe machinery business. These interests became part of the United. Mr. Brandeis thereupon gained the United as a frequent client, and also became a director of it.

In the early part of the year 1906 Mr. Brandeis defended a certain business practice of the United's before the Massachusetts Legislature. It was a practice involving certain leases under which persons doing business with the United in certain particulars were "tied" to doing business with it in certain other particulars as well. It was a practice very ancient in the shoe machinery business. It antedated the formation of the United. It had been taken for granted.

Mr. Brandeis now learned for the first time that certain shoe manufacturers objected to it. Conferences followed between these manufacturers and the United. Mr. Brandeis became convinced that the practice in question was wrong. The United remained unconvinced. Thereupon, in December, Mr. Brandeis, though not withdrawing as attorney, withdrew as director.

In January there were more conferences. Mr. Brandeis then took a most determined stand against the United's policy. A younger partner of his cogently remarked, "I suppose that means that we lose that client." Mr. Brandeis replied, "I suppose that is so." It was so. No new business came from the United to Mr. Brandeis's office.

To this point Mr. Brandeis was not a rogue. He was only a fool. He had cut himself off from one of the strongest clients in the United States.

More than four years later certain members of the Shoe Manufacturers' Alliance came to Mr. Brandeis and said that they were trying to break the monopolistic "tying" policy of the United in order to re-establish a free market in shoe machinery for all the shoe manufacturers of the country. They asked Mr. Brandeis to help them in this effort. Mr. Brandeis consented.

He brought no suit against the United. His action consisted of public statements containing arguments against the United's policy.

He used no information of any even remotely confidential sort. The United's leases, the documents criticised, are known to the whole world.

He charged no fee for his services.

Between the time when he acted for the United and the time when he acted for the Shoe Manufacturers' Alliance he had developed his final famous peculiar philosophy of competition. He had become known from coast to coast as this country's greatest disbeliever in the doctrine of "good" trusts and "bad" trusts. He was preaching the idea, roughly, that all "trusts," however honest, are bad—bad for business. He was attacking monopoly in railways, in banks, in manufactures, everywhere. And the United Shoe Machinery Company was so organized as to illustrate most perfectly his idea of monopoly.

Was he to except this company from his attack on monopoly because it had once been his client? Senator Chilton puts the question more poignantly: "How long does an employment mortgage a lawyer's conscience?"

In these circumstances it becomes necessary for Mr. Brandeis's enemies to resort to desperate measures. His habit of leaving

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profitable employments in order to seek unprofitable ones makes it rather difficult to convict him of corrupt motives. It becomes necessary, therefore, to try to convict him of a sort of malignant mania for aimless treachery. Accordingly he is charged by the United, on the stand and in print, with having given it no intimation of his change of opinion with regard to the propriety of its leases at the time when he withdrew as director and as attorney.

Now it fortunately happens that on December 11, 1906, Mr. Brandeis telephoned to the President of the United, and that a memorandum of the conversation was made and filed. It also fortunately happens that on September 12, 1907, Mr. Brandeis wrote a letter to the President of the United in which he alluded to the conferences of the previous winter. Copies of these documents have been entered on page 726 and page 735 of the testimony taken in the present proceedings before the sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. They prove with absolute finality that Mr. Brandeis had explained his change of opinion to the United and that the United knew that he had.

The United, however, is a mere business firm. For a keen sense of the meaning of the word "ethical" we must turn to the "Committee of Boston Lawyers" on whose behalf the testimony against Mr. Brandeis was taken at Washington, and on whose behalf a brief, growing out of that testimony, was prepared. This brief was circulated widely throughout the United States. It was used not merely as an argument addressed to the sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee, but as an argument addressed to the Nation. Yet it contains large numbers of facts utterly misleading unless corrected by other equally available facts which it fails to quote, and it contains numerous conclusions so fantastically preposterous that not even the two Senators who reported against Mr. Brandeis (and reported against him bitterly) were able to stomach them. For instance:

There was a case called the Old Dominion Case. Senator Cummins expressed his contempt for this case even while it was being presented, and Senator Works, in his report, said, "There is nothing in this charge worthy of consideration." Nevertheless in the brief of the "Committee of Boston Lawyers" there are three and a half pages devoted to the Old Dominion Case, and filled with allegations calculated to make almost any reader believe that Mr. Brandeis was convicted of gross improprieties by the evidence and that no contrary conclusion was possible.

This document, which continued to be circulated even after Senator Cummins and Senator Works had made their reports, and which continued therefore to be used as an appeal to public opinion, I will further characterize by noting its treatment of certain testimony given in the Lennox Case—the third and last case on which I shall touch.

The Railroad Rate Case, the Shoe Machinery Case, the Lennox Case—those are the three most important cases against Mr. Brandeis. They lead the report made by Senator Cummins and they lead the report made by Senator Works, and they do so because they are the cases which naturally come to the top in the mind of any man who wishes to compose the strongest possible justification of his hostility to Mr. Brandeis's appointment.

In the Lennox Case there is really just one question: Was Mr. Brandeis Mr. Lennox's personal attorney or was he not? Mr. Lennox was insolvent. His assets were placed in the hands of a trustee to be used in satisfying the claims of his creditors. Mr. Brandeis regarded himself as attorney for the trustee. He received payments from the trustee. He received no payments from Mr. Lennox. Mr. Lennox, however, claims that Mr. Brandeis promised at one time to be his personal attorney and then later put him into bankruptcy without ever telling him that he had concluded that he would not be his personal attorney. Whereupon Mr. Lennox went and employed Mr. Sherman L. Whipple, one of the greatest trial lawyers in New England, to represent him. So Mr. Whipple became Mr. Brandeis's chief antagonist in the case, and might be confidently relied on to know the worst about it.

This worst, so far as ever expressed by Mr. Whipple, appears on pages 21 and 28 of the "Committee of Boston Lawyers'" brief. The reader of only those excerpts from Mr. Whipple's testimony will inevitably conclude that Mr. Whipple believes that in this case Mr. Brandeis was culpable. No such reader will imagine that Mr. Whipple, in fact, believes that Mr. Brandeis was not culpable. I shall quote from Mr. Whipple at some length. I shall include his criticism of Mr. Brandeis's character as well as his praise of it. In my judgment, no better analysis of

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that character—of its chief fault as well as of its chief virtue—could be made.

"Mr. Brandeis was misunderstood. . . . He did not view Mr. Lennox, with his difficulties and troubles and desires, in quite the human way that certainly some lawyers would. He took a broader view . . . that he owed a larger duty to all the interests involved. Now I feel that that was a mistake. But it does not mean that Mr. Brandeis was culpable. . . . I was convinced that the mercenary motive did not exist, that the thought of deserting Mr. Lennox's case and interest never entered his head. . . . He made a mistake in this, that he did not make it clear, so that a layman would understand just what he was talking about. When a lawyer talks to a business man about being charged with the responsibility for an equitable division of the estate among all who may be interested, such talk goes right over the head of the ordinary business man. . . . It illustrated, to my mind, why you have heard about Mr. Brandeis from the Boston bar some things you have heard. . . . If Mr. Brandeis had not been so isolated, if he gave his confidence to more men and said, 'Boys, what do you think about it?' you would not have heard the things you have heard. But Mr. Brandeis is aloof. He is intensely centered in carrying out his own ideas and his own ideals, which I believe are pure, and he does not, so far as I know, consult with anybody. . . . If I had not gone up and talked with Mr. Brandeis and made him talk with me and straighten it out, I should have entertained perhaps the opinion against him that has been expressed. But I went right to him. I knew he would never come to me. He would never vouchsafe one word of explanation unless somebody came and asked him."

There it is precisely. Mr. Brandeis should have called Mr. Lennox and all other persons concerned into his office and kept them there, at the start of the case, till he was sure that his intention of becoming attorney for the trustee (an intention clear to himself and afterwards clear to Mr. Whipple) was equally clear to them. In the United Shoe Machinery Company Case Mr. Brandeis, when he was taking the remarkable step of abandoning a profitable client because of a change of mind with regard to a business policy which he had just defended, should have realized that such a step is not exactly usual, and should have been at pains to cause it to be thoroughly understood—at the time—by all his friends and associates in the shoe machinery business and at the bar. In the Railroad Rate Case Mr. Brandeis ought to have gone to the other attorneys who regarded themselves as representatives of "the public," and he ought to have outlined his position on "net income" to them so plainly and so fully that afterwards, when he rose among them to address the Commission, they could not possibly have felt that they were the victims of a sudden and unexplained "betrayal."

Why did Mr. Brandeis fail to take these precautions—precautions which would have suggested themselves to almost any prudent man of the world? Because Mr. Brandeis, as Mr. Whipple intimates, is not a man of the world at all.

Mr. Brandeis entered practice a man of books, and he has remained a man of books, a man of the ideals nourished by the arts, a man of the methods inculcated by the sciences. What is the business advice sought from him by his clients? It is an analysis of trade facts. It is a highly practical thing, but it is a bookish thing. It has little to do with commercial personal intrigue. In public questions Mr. Brandeis is again the scholar, the analyzer. He does not reach his opinions through lightning strokes of moral discernment. When he became convinced that the New Haven was wrong, it was through a statistical inquiry which cost him $6,000 of his own money, and which was as emotional as the New Haven's own time-tables. The New Haven was mathematically wrong. That was the heart of Mr. Brandeis's moral quarrel with it.

Let such a man once acquire a passion—or a fad—for independence, for financial independence, for personal independence. Let him, besides being by nature a collector of facts, determine also to follow those facts whithersoever they may lead him. Then, after a time, he will be sought by contending parties for impartial judgment. Then, after another time, a certain sureness of his own capacity for impartiality, of his own recognized capacity for impartiality, will grow upon him. He will fancy that when he turns from what he has come to believe is a false light and sets off in the direction of what he has come to believe is a true light, his action will speak for itself. He will be in error. There will be discontent behind him and suspicion. He should pause to allay it. But he will not. He will be in haste. This is a fault. Yet

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how small a fault in comparison with the greatness of the journey! It is a journey that has taken him from being a worshiper of a remote culture to being also a worshiper and server of the common good of the common man.

Moreover, for the matter immediately in hand, this fault, this excess of independence, this forgetfulness of personal issues in the midst of issues of truth and of right—what is it, this fault, but the very qualifying virtue of a judge?

THE DOUGH-BOY AND THE TRUCK

SOME LESSONS OF OUR MEXICAN EXPEDITION

BY GREGORY MASON

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"The *cal*-vreeman rides a big black horse
That *car*-ries him to fame,
The *dough*-boy has no horse at all,
But *gets* there just the same.
WHAT?
Yes, *gets* there just the same, boys,
He *gets* there just the same,
The *dough*-boy, he ain't got no horse,
But *gets* there just the same."

IT was a limpid night, except for this bellowed refrain as dead still as an Arctic tundra after a blizzard. In fact, although the scene was a plateau in Chihuahua, farther south than Galveston or Los Angeles, and the time April, the big massed flakes of the afternoon's snow flurry were just melting around the grass roots, and the mountain peaks on every side were whitewashed pyramids. The sparks and smoke of the great bonfire of mesquite and cottonwood rose in a still column, only to break and quiver five feet above the ground from the explosive exhalations that came from the close-packed circle of mouths every three seconds, as the soldiers who stood six deep around the blaze barked hard on the second syllable of each line of this marching song of the infantry:

"The *cal*-vreeman rides a big black horse
That *car*-ries him to fame;
The *dough*-boy has no horse at all,
But *gets* there just the same."

At each detonation that came with "*cal*," "*car*," "*dough*," and "*gets*" the smoke pillar would crumble, then regather, only to writhe again before the next blare of vocal trumpets. But at the crescendo bellow of that "*who-wat?*" shouted in all the dissonance of untrained voices roughened by night air and overuse, the cylinder of smoke was flattened into the fire and the whole plain reverberated.

These bronzed foot-soldiers who were chorusing their own praises around a campfire at General Pershing's headquarters near Colonia Dublan were part of a detachment that had "dug in" at this point to guard the sand-swept premises. They had been resting several days after the first feverish hike into Mexico, else they would not have had breath to spare in wrecking the peace of this upland evening. Little singing is done by our soldiers on the march, and after a day of tramping the only vocal music heard at eve is of the unconscious, slumberous kind. This particular occasion was a "vaudeville evening" arranged by the five chaplains of the expedition.

The night before, these same chaplains, who, unlike the other men in the expedition, had not forgotten the calendar, had observed the Sabbath with services in this same temple with the sky for roof and the stars for candles. With great good sense the chaplains had observed the day, cheering these men in a foreign country from which each knew he might never return, but not playing Billy Sunday with the men's emotions, not once lifting the lash of fear as a goad to conventional virtue.

To the audience of Baptists, Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, and Jews each chaplain spoke briefly, packing his talk with common sense and salting it well with jokes. Father Joyce, for instance, known as the "Fighting Padre" of the Fourth Artillery, took a dig at his own regiment which every one appreciated when he said, "The only way to get an artilleryman into heaven

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is to convert him and then shoot him quick."

After these "sermons," so refreshingly different from what the correspondents at the service expected to hear, the meeting turned into an old-fashioned Sunday night "sing," such as still flourishes in odd corners of New England. First selected were hymns like "Shall We Gather at the River?" which were thrown across the Rio Casas Grandes, twisting through the plain in silvery curves, with an excellent enthusiasm and a melodic quality not to be despised by any college glee club. But the pious atmosphere of the gathering, never too dominant, wore off by degrees, and gradually the singing drifted to "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The River Shannon," with the quintette of chaplains warbling as bravely as any one. Only the clear-bugled "Taps" stopped the flow of song. But, as one of the "sky-pilots" said, "We've all got a lot of music in our systems yet." And so the army vaudeville was arranged for the following night.

There were all sorts of faces in that circle around the fire, for it was a characteristic army group. There were the bluff, blond faces of Scandinavian and Teutonic countries, the black, flat, grinning faces of Africa, the dark, passionate faces of Italy and Greece, the sensitive faces of Russia and Poland, the alert, self-confident face of the Jew, and the also alert but more pugnacious face of Ireland. Yes, and there were some faces that seemed to belong to Maine, Georgia, Dakota, and California.

This variety of countenance which the firelight showed moved a chaplain to comment:

"I see we've got a little of everything here to-night," he said. "The army isn't what it used to be. When I joined it, the army was all Dutch and Irish. The two elements were continually fighting, and always, after these fights, the Dutchmen would go to the hospital and the Irishmen to the guard-house."

The roar that followed showed that the army still holds a few of Erin's sons.

Not only was the variety of face in that uproarious circle a variety of race, it was a variety of caste and intelligence. There were brutal faces, stupid faces, muckerish faces, and there were faces marked by intelligence, refinement, even nobility. There lies the drawback of the army for men who have the latter qualities. Because the private's uniform is worn by some who cannot meet the subtle qualifications that must be met by those whom society calls *gentlemen*, the uniform is generally treated by civilians as if it never covered one fit to be accepted in that indefinable caste. This is hard on the many fine men in the rank and file. This ingrained prejudice, which Kipling has well sung, can be removed only by the gradual education of the public and the gradual lifting of standards in the army.

When the chaplains had been pumped of jokes to a state of intellectual dryness, the men began to call on each other. Some one would shout a name—"Slim Joe," "Bell-mouthed Harry," "Gamblin' Dan," or "The Boston Professor"—and if the crowd liked the suggestion it would take up the name and resound it until the aforesaid Joe or Harry or Dan or Professor was shoved almost into the fire. "Gamblin' Dan" was one of the first performers. In asking pardon for his nickname he touched on aleatory matters in general, and then told the story of a soldier who was a notorious gamester and who may have been himself. Despairing of reforming this man, his captain sent him to the colonel of the regiment, with a note explaining the desperate nature of the case. When the private stood before him, the colonel said: "Captain X says you're a hopeless gambler. He says you'll bet on anything."

"Yes, sir. Why, I'll bet you there's a wart on your right shoulder."

"Why, this is preposterous!" roared the colonel; "this is unheard-of conduct for a soldier! But, to teach you a lesson, I'll take you for twenty-five dollars."

"All right, sir," was the reply.

The colonel stripped off his shirt and exhibited an unblemished shoulder. He then dismissed the incorrigible lover of chance and summoned Captain X.

"That man's insane, or worse," said the colonel to the captain. "Why, he had no sooner stepped into my presence than he offered to bet that I had a wart on my shoulder. He ought to have his brain examined."

"You lose, colonel," said the captain, suppressing a smile. "Before I sent the man to you he bet me a hundred dollars that he could get you to take off your shirt."

From stories the programme changed to songs. Sentiment in these was liked, but not too bald sentiment. For instance, such emotion-racking lays as "The Little Gray Mother," "Don't Bite the Hand that Feeds

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You," "Mother Machree." and "A Little Bit o' Heaven" were called for again and again, but "The Rosary" and "Annie Laurie," which had been tried by a previous generation and *labeled* sentimental, were drowned in jeers and catcalls. In other words, the men liked sentiment, but did not like to admit it lest they be called unmanly.

At first the singing was by soloists and quartettes. The audience showed a keen sense of discrimination, applauding the good things generously, but unmercifully booing the bad. Flats by a quartette were hooted, and a nasal tenor who took himself very seriously and tried to sing several times was each time interrupted by a pandemonium that included shouts of "Sit down, you one-lunged tomcat!"

Nothing that verged on what the men called "smut" was tolerated. One poor private, who was made to perform entirely against his will, was in a quandary, for, thanks to his unfortunate upbringing, he evidently knew only the sort of ditty that was taboo. After much hesitation, he launched into a song which he had probably selected as his mildest, but he had barely reached a phrase of very slight obscenity when a dozen strong hands jerked him back from the stage to the pit.

Later the singing became general. Many of the songs were such as college boys sing, and were not unpleasant on the ear if the vigor of their rendition was softened by a little space between singers and auditors.

It was a night never to be forgotten. A night blessed with what plainsmen call a "high sky." The stars, hard and cold and very brilliant, seemed remoter than the reach of the imagination, and their remoteness lifted the whole bowl of heaven. Close to the earth rested a soft, opaque vapor. Other camp-fires, smaller than this one, glowed softly all around, with a dim sheen like candles behind smoked glass. Between the snatches of singing a bugler could be heard practicing in soft, mysterious quavers. It was very beautiful with the hard, clear Mexican stars, the misty bulk of the Mexican mountains, and the faint, shimmering camp-fires of the *Americanos*.

Growing tired of sentiment, the soldier singers turned to bombast. Breaking the serried circle, they marched around the fire in lock-step, chanting hoarsely, "We'll hang Pancho Villa to a sour apple tree." So boldly they sang it and with such a threat in their voices that if Pancho had been near and had known English his hair must have bristled. Then they launched into their favorite:

"The *cal*-vreeman rides a big black horse
That *car*-ries him to fame,
The *dough*-boy has no horse at all,
But *gets* there just the same."

But they were wrong. Admirable as the spirit of the dough-boy is in northern Mexico, if he "gets there" at all it is with shoes and leggings slashed by *malpais* rock and Spanish-bayonet, and with mouth parched with thirst. And if he is pursuing Mexicans who want to avoid him, he does not "get there" at all, for practically all Mexicans are mounted.

The inferiority of infantry to cavalry for desert fighting is the first lesson of our Mexican expedition.

Of course our army officers, especially those who had done border duty, knew this when they entered Mexico. But the affair of the punitive expedition has called the public's attention to this fact and has driven it home in the army.

If we ever have actual war with the country of Mexico, we shall need a lot of cavalry. Infantry will do for guarding communications and for garrisoning towns, and it is the backbone of an army in pitched battles. But there will be few pitched battles if we fight Mexico. Cavalry, and plenty of it, will be needed to run down the Mexicans when they have been broken by a head-on fight. Cavalry will be needed to hunt the flying bands of horsemen that will tear up railways and raid towns as Columbus and Glen Springs were raided. For almost all police and patrol work in northern and central Mexico a man on a horse is worth three afoot.

Our foot soldiers in Mexico to-day know this. All the skirmishes thus far have been fought by the troopers. Only the "dirty work" has fallen to the infantry—the work of digging trenches, guarding streams and wagon roads, with no chance at fame to compensate for the stinging sand-storms, the blistering heat of day and the aching cold of night. One infantryman, commenting on this division of labor, said:

"Well, we do the dirty work and the cavalry gets the glory. But each man must do his own part; it all counts in the final result."

That is the fine spirit of all our "dough-boys" in Mexico. And they know that, if

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ever we have a *real* war, they will do the fighting.

But for the sort of work that we are doing in Mexico now "calvary"—as many of the soldiers call the cavalry—is at a premium. Witness General Funston's recent call for horses to mount the coast artillery and militia.

Another thing that our soldiers have learned in Mexico relates to the nature of the natives. The natives, for their part, have learned that the gringoes do not rape, loot, murder, and burn, as most Mexican armies do. But these same gringoes have learned something on their side. They have discovered that the average civilian Mexican is not a bloodthirsty wretch stained with all the crimes for which the bandit Mexican is famous. On the other hand, the American soldier has found that the Mexican civilian, especially the peon and small farmer, is ordinarily a simple-minded, good-humored child of nature, content to till his patch of earth and sell his produce for good gringo money. He is like a cat—he will purr and bask at your feet so long as you do not rub his fur the wrong way.

Co-operation is a word the Mexican does not understand. It was not a long ride from the camp-fires of the *Americanos* on the plain by the Rio Casas Grandes to the camp-fires of the *Mexicanos* up the plateau in Nueva Casas Grandes. Riding up there one evening with a companion as interpreter, I joined a little group around a few embers, the men drawn into their blankets like turtles in their shells. Our arrival cut short that famous ballad, "The Abandoned One," which it is Mexican custom for jilted lovers to sing beneath their sweethearts' windows the evening of the day of their rejection:

"I am the abandoned one to-night,
To-morrow I will shoot myself.
But if I do not shoot myself
I will become an eternal drunkard
All on account of you, who have refused me this day."

We were received into the circle grudgingly, but the exchange of cigarettes softened the atmosphere. Naturally, the talk turned to the hunt for Villa.

"How many soldiers are in your army, señores?" asked a man whose hat bore a colonel's star.

"Two hundred thousand," replied my shameless companion. "And how many have you?"

"Twice that number," said the officer, with naïve glibness.

"Then we will catch Villa together," continued the American. "Six hundred thousand men ought to catch him easily, working in co-operation."

"You are mistaken, señor," was the grave reply. "If Villa is caught, we will get him. It would disgrace us if you found him first."

The talk of Carranza co-operation in the bandit chase is absurd. Carranza co-operation is a myth. Such efforts as the First Chief's men have made to run down the famous outlaw have been competitive, not co-operative. But these efforts have been indecisive, with the characteristic Mexican indecision reflected in the song of the bashful lover which we heard as we moved away from this family fireside outdoors:

"I continually make up my mind to propose to my girl,
But when I squirm before my beauty
My ears droop like a burro's and I fail to find words.
But to-morrow I will propose and she cannot refuse me,
No, no!
No, no!
No, no!
And now, gentlemen, that she is not here,
I'll sing her a beautiful serenade."

When Villa is not near, the Carranzistas pursue him; when they get closer, they halt; and when they see the gringoes getting too near, as at Parral, they trip up the gringoes.

No, thus far such Carranza co-operation as there has been has consisted in not shooting the Americans. But the ambuscade at Parral has not been the only direct attempt to interfere with our pursuit. The wireless at Juarez has been dot-dashing and dash-dotting in a way so senseless as to give grounds for more than a suspicion of a purpose to befog our radio communication between field headquarters and the border.

It is not surprising that the Mexicans will not work in common harness with us. The dozens of revolutions in their brief history have proved that they cannot pull shoulder to shoulder even with each other.

Service? Ah, that is another word. Service of a master, they understand. Diaz knew that, and, acting on that knowledge, he was able to hold Mexico in more governmental unity than it has ever had before or since. This is a reason for believing that if we ever intervene in Mexico we can find many Mexicans who will serve in restoring order by the formation of native bands of constabulary, or by assistance of a political nature, if permitted

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the glamour of uniforms and titles and if paid well and promptly.

What lessons on the subject that for lack of a better word is called *preparedness* can we gain from the fortunes of the Pershing campaign in Mexico?

Just this. Things have gone smoothly with the expedition in every department in which we were prepared. They have run like crazy clockwork in every department of "war" in which we were unready.

For instance, our soldiers were prepared to shoot and hike, and their animals were in condition to go with them. The result is that marching records have been broken, and that in every clash which we have had with the enemy their losses have been from four or five to ten times as great as ours. Our hospital and sanitary units were ready, and the result is that our few wounded have been well cared for, while there has been almost no serious sickness except a few cases of pneumonia. Filtration and the careful selection of water supplies have averted typhoid. Our cooks and commissary officers were ready, and, although the quantity of food has been inadequate at times, owing to the failure of transportation, the food that has been served has always been well cooked and good for the tired soldier's stomach. The big field bakeries are a story in themselves, nearly duplicating, as Damon Runyan, the able correspondent of the International News Service, has pointed out, the miracle of the loaves and the fishes—except for the fishes. Working in eight-hour shifts, the twenty-two bakers at the big beehive ovens of brick and clay have been turning out 3,000 loaves of bread daily at Camp Dublan, getting their flour fresh from the grist of an old mill run by the people of Colonia Dublan.

The Signal Corps was not caught "asleep at the switch" when we entered Mexico, and the army has been little hampered by the inability of one command to "talk" to another. A "buzzer" or field telegraph wire is stretched from Columbus to Namiquipa, two hundred miles away, part of the distance on poles, but most of the way running along the ground through mesquite and bunch grass, where occasionally Mexicans have found and cut it. At the advanced base in the field a wireless machine of German design which can be carried on a wagon, and which is called a *Telefunken* or a "wagon set," is in constant communication with the larger radio at Columbus. Messages to the various commanders of scouting parties afield are relayed, in turn, from this "wagon set" to the small radios called "pack sets" because they can be carried on pack-saddles mule-back.

The engineers, too, were ready, and they have done well, repairing and improving the bumpy roads and mapping much hitherto little-known country. When the rains come, they will be ready with bridges.

But the aviation branch of our army was not prepared for this junket in Mexico, and has suffered accordingly. This is no reflection on the personnel of the aero service. The young men under Captain Benjamin Foulois who constitute the "First Squadron of the Aviation Section of the United States Army Signal Corps" are as brave, cool-headed, and nervy as any set of officers you could find in any army. In fact, they are exceptional, for only exceptional men go in for fighting in the clouds. Before they had been in Mexico a month they had all proved their resourcefulness and courage, if there had been any reason to doubt it. Captain Foulois and Lieutenant Carbury, flying together in the one machine that would carry two men, found that even this machine would not carry them over a mountain ridge in a snowstorm, and were obliged to land far from camp, driving home the next day in an *aeroplano Mexicano*, a farm wagon borrowed from a Mexican rancher. Lieutenant Gorrell was bounced from his plane when it fell and knocked senseless. Coming to, he saw a Mexican approaching, covered the man with his pistol, crawled onto the fellow's horse, and had the Mexican lead him back to camp. All the aviators have had their adventures. They have faced more dangerous duty than many airmen in the European war, for only in the Alps is flying in the war zone abroad as hard as cloud-scaling over the snow-tipped Sierra Madres. And the European aviator knows that if he lands behind the enemy lines the worst ahead is prison, but the American flyer in Mexico knows that descent into a band of Villistas means "no quarter."

If our aeroplanes were only up to the standard of our aviators, there would be no complaint. But the eight machines that soared down the blue, semi-tropical sky, picking up Pershing's first trail, were old-fashioned, undersized, and rickety. Within a week their number was six, within a month all but two were junk.

These planes were of a type long ago

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condemned for war work in Europe. They were of only ninety horse-power; they should have been at least one hundred and fifty. They could carry enough gasoline for only four hours of flight. Only one of them could carry a passenger. Not one of them could carry a machine gun or bombs. The ground where our soldiers are camping and marching in Mexico is from five thousand to seven thousand feet above sea-level. Starting at this height, some of the planes could barely clear the tops of the mountains half a mile or so higher, and one or two could not fly above rifle range. Yet for a good modern aeroplane a climb of ten thousand feet is nothing extraordinary. In this thin air these planes have found difficulty in rising, and I have seen them run along the ground like quail for a quarter of a mile before getting enough purchase on the air to lift. When about to land, the airmen find the appearance of the desert deceptive; the dark patches of desert seem to whirl down and the light patches of sand seem to whirl up to meet them. The air is full of pockets, and almost always the planes land with a thump.

More than in any other department were we caught unawares in the department of transportation. Although the Administration scrupulously insisted that our army must not use the Mexican railways, the Administration had made no provision for transportation beyond the old-fashioned mule-train and pack-mule methods.

But "an army travels on its stomach," and our expedition would not have gone far or gone quickly if it had relied solely on the transportation methods of the war of 1847.

Consequently Villa was given a start of a week while agents of the army's quartermaster's department commandeered motor trucks that had been built for the French Government, and laid their hands on any other similar vehicles that they could get in a hurry. It was as necessary to have chauffeurs as cars. A horde of amateur motorists, soldiers of fortune, and adventurers in general swarmed down on Columbus and on recruiting stations elsewhere and sought employment as truck drivers. Recruiting officers had to take what they could get. Some of the drivers knew their business, others bluffed, and some could not even do that cleverly. But none of them had any idea of military discipline.

I went into Mexico on one of the first truck trains. It had not gone far when the cars began to straggle out over a distance of several miles, and those that broke down were left behind to their own devices. Many of the trucks have been half ruined because their drivers did not understand the mechanism of the machines.

This situation has been much improved. The trucks now travel in companies of twenty-seven, with a military officer and a skilled mechanic in each company. The leading truck carries a red flag, the last truck a white flag, and by wigwagging the entire company is held together. If one truck stops now, they all stop. But yet there is much need of discipline among the ex-football players and actors who are doing the driving. It is a strange sight to see an American truck train jolting across the desert of a semi-hostile land with the chauffeurs singing, and those in the rear trucks, out of earshot of the officer ahead, wasting ammunition on jack-rabbits in the mesquite.

If we do have a war with Mexico, Heaven help our wounded who are carried to the rear in these jouncing motor trucks. The roads are frightful, causing the trucks to pitch and toss literally like so many ships on a stormy sea. These rough roads were partly responsible for the death of Lieutenant Joseph W. Allison, Jr., who died of pneumonia in El Paso after being carried out of Mexico over those ridged and gullied roads. It is true that he was brought out in a wagon, not in a motor truck, but the only difference is one of time; if anything, the truck jounces more than the wagon. In a telegram of protest sent to Senator Culberson by the Lieutenant's father the elder Allison said: "Your West Point appointee, my son, Lieutenant Joseph W. Allison, Jr., died here of pneumonia, contracted at the front, from which he was brought, traveling four days in an army wagon, over rough roads, under intense suffering—a victim of his country's criminal and heartless negligence in failing to avail itself of the rail transportation already at hand."

The army is not to blame because it was unprovided with motor trucks and with the proper kind of aeroplanes. The army officers have asked for these things repeatedly. Considering how unprepared the army was for such an expedition as this, the men and officers have accomplished marvels. The fault lies, as usual, with the appropriating power

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behind the army, with Congress. Congress seems to have learned little from the fiascos of the Spanish War. It seems to have learned next to nothing from the examples of the European war. It is a pathetic shame that the Nation which perfected for the world the automobile and the aeroplane should be deficient in both in a crisis of its own.

The Mexican expedition has been a great object-lesson in the importance of being ready. Will the American people take that lesson to heart?

THE MANIA

BEING CHIEFLY THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A GROWING BRAIN INTERIOR

BY IRVING BACHELLER

HE was an officer of the Secret Service, and he said: "A new kind of bomb —a record-breaker in destructive power—had wrought havoc in a big munition plant. It scrambled up the basement and sent a part of its machinery through the roof and wrapped the whole structure in flames. Fortunately, the plant was not yet in operation. I went to work on the case. I learned that a handsome, well-dressed German gentleman had been stopping at one of the hotels in the town where the plant was located. He had gone when I began work on the case. I found him—no matter how. He was living at a first-class hotel in a large New England city. I am of German blood myself and spent a part of my boyhood in Germany and speak the language as well as a native. He was a fine bowler, and so was I. It was his favorite exercise. He played with the proprietor of a certain alley. So did I. It was the proprietor who suggested that we played about even—the German and I—and should try conclusions. We did. We got acquainted, and then confidential to a degree. I lived at the same hotel, and one afternoon when he was bowling and I couldn't because my business had become pressing I made an important discovery—no matter what, just now. He was going to New York that evening. I was sitting in the office when he came in, and he asked me to go up to his rooms for a chat. I went. He was a luxurious man—a lavish spender. The help was on tiptoe when he appeared.

"His suite of rooms was handsomely furnished. I think that the manager had tried to please him with a special purveyance to Prussian taste. Portraits of Napoleon, Talleyrand, Frederick the Great, and William the Godful adorned its walls. Sundry circumstances had convinced me that this German was not of a sound mind. I soon saw that he had a highly developed case of Prussian mania.

"'I have made a great discovery,' he began, as I sat down beside him.

"'What may it be?'

"'That things have got turned around. I find that Satan has been maligned. He is the source of all progress. What we call good is really evil, and what we call evil has been libeled. People have known the truth all along, but they have lied about it. While they have prayed to God with their lips, their hearts have followed Satan. Look at these portraits on my walls. I suppose you would call them the greatest criminals the world has seen. Certainly no four human beings since light dawned on primeval darkness have been responsible for so many deaths and such degrees of suffering. Destruction followed their footsteps, and in the midst of it were murder, robbery, rape, arson, blood—rivers of blood!—hard-earned property going up in smoke, screams of terror and distress. Treaties became scraps of paper; laws of God and man were laughed at and brushed aside like cobwebs. You would call it doing evil. Bosh! That is the merest sentimentality! In their hearts all men know better, and they render to these saints of the Satanic calendar the homage which is their due. There is scarcely a cultured home in America or Europe where one or more of these portraits do not hang. They have honored places, too, where you would look in vain for the so-called saints of your religion who have tried to protect life and make it more comfortable. Why? I will tell you. It is because people admire

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them and their deeds. A face that hangs on my wall is enshrined in my heart. Otherwise it would not be there.

"'Now look at Talleyrand. He was the prince of liars. It was he—clever man!—who declared that words were invented to conceal thought. Consider his influence on the character of his native land. Lying is one of the most useful occupations known to man. It is the most crowded of all the professions. Napoleon said frankly that no man could be a statesman without invention and a proper respect for falsehood. He encouraged religion, as do all emperors. Why? Because it keeps the poor contented. "Inequality is impossible without religion"—that was one of his maxims. Religion causes the multitude to look to another world for the rights and joys which they are denied in this. Religion has always been the main defense of the emperor. He couldn't have lived without it. But what a joke it has been! The emperor has dictated the sermons and edited the prayers and selected the hymns. Religion is his tool—a part of his business. It teaches that his person and decree are sacred and that God is his partner. It's a part of the imperial banking scheme. If a man dies for his emperor, he gets a kind of sight-draft on the Almighty good for eternal happiness. Now you understand me when I say that the God most of you worship is really Satan. The man who renders distinguished and faithful service to Satan never fails of his high reward. He don't have to wait for the dawn of eternity. If any have failed, it is because they were weak. They had moments of sentimental "goodness," as you call it.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that any man has a right to be reckless with human life?' I asked.

"'If he is great, certainly!' he answered. 'You must rise to the imperial view of life, then all is clear. To the emperor life is stripped of individuality and of all sentiment. To him there is nothing so cheap as life. It is like water—the freest, fullest gift of nature. He is above it. He has no share in its weak emotions. He sees people only in the mass, as one sees a great herd of cattle. That enables him to reason clearly. He says: "Such and such a purpose is worth ten million men. I will give them. The natural growth of the population will repair the loss in ten years. If it fails, I will pension every mother of a large family."

"'You see, the imperial view gives his brain full play. It is not impeded by the weak sentiment of the common herd. Napoleon expressed the real imperial view when he said to Metternich, "A man like me cares nothing for the lives of a million men."

"'After all, what is life that we should make such a fuss about it? All men have to die—don't they? What pleasure in life have these men who have to sweat and toil and live in little houses? The sooner they die, the less they suffer and the less competition for those who remain. That is the imperial view, and is it not well founded? The emperor who gives the lives of his people for a purpose benefits those who live and those who die. Is that not the view of most of the inhabitants of the earth? If it were not, why would they have emperors—will you tell me? I grant you that emperors are guilty of the things that you call "evil"—they covet their neighbors' goods, they kill, they bear false witness; but do not the people love them and call them partners of God? Do they not inherit the most of the earth, and are they not really the saints?'

"The clock on the mantel indicated that it was time for him to go.

"'I have some business in New York, and have decided to take the steamer with you,' I said.

"'So?' he answered, with a look of surprise.

"'The railway wearies me, and I like good company,' I said, as I rose and took my hat.

"'Quite so—I'll meet you at the door in five minutes,' he answered.

"We went by cab to the steamer. I happened to know that it was loaded with munitions. He asked me into his stateroom for a smoke. I remarked as soon as we were seated:

"'What you have said seems to indicate that the people are fools.'

"'Fools! No! They are wise. They have discarded sentiment and are living on a business basis. Some go to church, but only with the hope of reward. Even here in America they are recovering from the sentimentalism that once afflicted them. Home and mother have become a joke. Whenever religious sentiment appears in a novel it is hit on the head with the club of ridicule. Your theaters indicate that "virtue" in women is rapidly becoming a joke. Your libertines are reaching the high plane of European efficiency. They make a very creditable showing. The humbug of marriage doesn't worry

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you as it used to. Your alleged democracy is disappearing. Your well-born girls are looking for titled husbands. Church and politics are progressing into emotionless machines. The orator and the poet—those captains of sentiment who used to quicken and direct the emotions of the crowd—have passed out. They are not in the pulpit or the legislature. Why? They are no longer needed. Emotions are unfashionable. The men who appealed to them are as out of date as the muzzle-loading gun. Your National Legislature is a machine run by committees. Your colleges are machines. They, like ours, look only to the development of the intellect and the muscle. The same is true of your great commercial enterprises. You will grant that there is no sentiment in them. The human heart stands discredited the world over. It is the human brain that wears the crown. Which brain will rule?—that is the great question in this war. The one which has the cleverness to rule has the right to rule. Guns, Zeppelins, liquid fire, poison gas, are only accessories and tools of the clever brain.

"'In America you are getting along—making real progress. You will soon be ripe for imperialism and great movements. You can presently exchange ten million of this dumb herd of yours for some great design that will live in history, and hang the portrait of a new hero on walls unbuilt.'

"'That is what you are doing in Germany?'

"'Precisely. There only the brain is king—the brain of the Emperor. We have put our hearts under our feet. We have risen to the Imperial view of life. Our lives are nothing save as they help the plans of the Emperor. We pull together. We have feelings, certainly, but we know that convictions are greater. The brain—the trained, efficient brain—backed by the tireless hand, has robbed nature of her secrets and wrested commercial supremacy from Great Britain. Supremacy is the Imperial ideal. We are entitled to it by our *Kultur*. Think of what we have done in science! I have here in my bag a simple invention which will turn night into day—a square mile of the night. It will advertise the greatness of my Fatherland—the grandeur of its spirit, the singleness of its purpose. Shall I show you how it works?'

"The dramatic moment in this little adventure had arrived—the moment I had expected. Night had fallen, and we were out in the middle of the Sound.

"'It would interest me very much,' I said.

"He picked up his grip and we went out into the cabin. As we approached the big staircase that led to the offices and the dining-saloon I wondered just how he had used that two or three minutes after I had left him in his room, for I knew that he was a dangerous and a very cunning lunatic. Almost everybody had gone below to supper. One man sat reading a paper some fifty feet away, and a stewardess had passed us carrying a plate of soup. He stopped by the stair rail and opened his grip and took out of it a heavy object wrapped in a covering of thin, flexible leather. I began to weaken a little, but controlled myself. His face was as white as the paper in your note-book.

"'What are you going to do with that?' I asked.

"'Light the sky for Germany,' he answered, as he tossed the heavy object to the floor below. It fell with a loud thud. The silence that followed seemed to appall him. He turned to run, but I caught his wrist and made him my prisoner. Two ship's officers below were examining the suspicious package.

"'Don't be afraid of that,' I called. 'It's nothing but a piece of junk.'

"Of course I knew what I was talking about, for I had taken the bomb and planted the junk. The man was plum crazy. If they find a man in Germany who isn't crazy these days, they send him to an asylum for the sane until he's cured. We are taking good care of him and shall send him back home by and by."

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BY THE WAY

A new cross-continent automobile record has been made by Robert Hammond, who traveled from San Francisco to New York in 6 days 10 hours and 59 minutes. This exploit follows a record made a week before by E. G. Baker, who made the journey from Los Angeles to New York in 7 days 11 hours and 52 minutes. Hammond says that if anybody tries to upset his record he believes he can lower it to five days and a half.

Silly reasons for divorce have often been quoted—such as, "She would not sew on my buttons," "He would not take me riding." Now a policeman in a Pennsylvania city, so "Leslie's" reports, has asked for a divorce from his wife because she put a live eel in his whisky bottle to give him a shock. At least the lady had ingenuity and a sense of humor!

The sweet blue wild violet of Oregon, according to a writer in the "American Agriculturist," yields "the most exquisite of all perfumes." It is hardy in the East, and blossoms early in the spring, "even before the snow is entirely melted in places."

The strong men in the churches, the Rev. George Batchelor remarks in the "Christian Register," need what they do not always get, personal contact with their minister. One of the eminent lawyers of Boston, he says, put the case to him thus: "My minister does not seem to understand that we busy men of affairs have our cares and troubles and need his sympathy quite as much as the poor people at the North End."

Levi P. Morton, one-time Vice-President of the United States, celebrated on May 16 the ninety-second anniversary of his birth. Mr. Morton is in good health and gets a keen zest out of living. Unlike Edison, Napoleon, and other celebrities who hold or held to a twenty-hour work-day, Mr. Morton believes in plenty of rest and sleep. He goes to bed at eight o'clock. For him the allurements of the "night life" of New York do not exist.

A candid hunter talks refreshingly in the "National Sportsman" of his experiences. "We each took aim at the animal and when Bill counted 'One—two—three,' we both pulled," he says. "In two jumps the buck was out of sight, apparently untouched." Again: "I now had time to realize that I had fired ten shots to get two goats, and I was ashamed of myself. I could easily say the sights on my rifle were out of plumb—but they weren't. I could offer half a dozen excuses—if I had 'em, but I haven't. It was bum work and the less said about it the better."

The use of map-tacks by business houses and public departments has increased to such an extent that one manufacturer now makes fifty different styles and five sizes of these convenient little guide-posts. A good example of the use of the map-tack is to be found in the Philadelphia highway department. By means of these tacks on a planning board the kind and condition of the pavement in every block of Philadelphia's 129 square miles of area can instantly be seen.

One night, remarks Mr. J. B. Henderson in "The Cruise of the Tomas Barrera," the conversation turned to the performance of feats of agility under the stimulus of great fear. A member of the crew, who had an extensive knowledge of unnatural history derived from the Sunday supplements, recounted with perfect faith a friend's escape from sharks who pursued him over a coral reef. The sharp coral lacerated his feet beyond endurance, and, with a mighty effort, he rose to the surface, *ran* along the water for a hundred yards, and reached shore and safety.

"We were all stunned into silence at this *dénouement*," says Mr. Henderson. "But one member of the party was equal to the occasion and saved us from humiliating rout. With great solemnity he told of a friend who tried running around a tree to see how fast he could do it. His speed increased until his momentum became so great that he was unable to stop. Then an inspiration came to him, and, like the man on the reef, he also made a mighty effort. Reaching forward, he seized himself around the waist, and, hanging on for dear life, finally succeeded in dragging himself down and escaping an awful fate." The abashed crew subsided.

The "Country Gentleman" tells this story about the absent-minded professor. He had gone to the barber's for a shave; after the operation he continued to occupy the chair; the barber thought he must have fallen asleep, and respectfully asked whether this were so. "No, my good man," he said, "I am not asleep. The fact is I am frightfully near-sighted. When I took my glasses off I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite. Naturally, I supposed I had already gone home."

The New York City Police Department has a school for instructing its traffic squad in automobile identification. The headlights, mud guards, and hoods are said to be the principal marks of identification taught. The Department believes that policemen should be at least as familiar as criminals with the various makes of motor cars; the familiarity of the lawbreaking class with automobiles is evidenced in the statement that nine-tenths of these up-to-date gentry know how to operate a car.

The matter-of-fact English, as we sometimes call them, contrive to get their jokes even out of situations dealing with the war. For example: An English milkman had just finished his morning's round, and was returning home as he was addressed by an enlisting sergeant. "Well, my man," said the sergeant, "would you like to serve the king? It would be the making of you." "That I would," said the milkman, very excited. "How much does he take a day?"

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